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COMFORT

MAN WAS NEVER
MADE TO MOURN.



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Mary Annia Booth
by her beloved Father
received this Bank
of the sum of the
Fifty.

Aug 11th
1852 Mrs. Wright
()

Wright's Poems.



Engraved by L. Richardson
MIDDLESBRO

John G. Bright

THIRD WORK OF ORIGINAL

P O E M S ,

DESIGNATED

COMFORT,

Man was never made to mourn!

Elucidations of which, by his appearance in the world are clearly
Manifest, rendering his passage through the same delightful,
with prospect better far, in entity beyond all thought!

BY JOHN WRIGHT,

THE CLEVELAND POET,

Professor of

Moral Philosophy, & Universal Philanthropist,

Author of "ANACREONTIC POEMS," "THE GEM FOR EVERY ONE,"
and other Musings.

MIDDLESBRO':

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. RICHARDSON,

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THE AUTHOR.

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P R O E M.

Highly and justly respected Friends of Poetic Muse,
Who have patronized my former works to the amount of Eight thousand Copies, which have been sold personally by the Author, —being strictly Copyright, he wishes to enjoy the luxury of seeing his friends, and of giving them an opportunity or an intercourse with the Author of a work never seen in the world before, (hence the originality).

“ Philosophers will always give a reason for what they assert.”

Why the whole of this Poetic work, tho' in such rich variety, bears the appellation given, is, on account of the interesting subjects with which it is replete. Also they being suspended by one lovely and elastic string, capable of expansion or contraction according to the mind of the reader, be it what it may, endowed with reason. The Author having for his motto, COMFORT, peace, tranquillity, consolation, unanimity, and love to all mankind, including the present as well as the future; and eternal welfare of the universe. Combining Scriptural Argumentations in favor of that cheerful and most delightful eclat, which man so much requires to enable him to pass his days in pleasing and profitable experiments, which were designed for man alone, as will in these pages be manifest to all competent to appreciate their pleasing tendency,—to harmonize the broad expanse of intellect, which past all dispute is a boon most valuable beneath the sun; and what beyond remains alike suspended on the deeds of man. The proper management of which will, according to Divine Authority, greatly accelerate the long-wished for day, when peace on earth shall be restored, nor left one jarring sound to mar the finest feelings of a world renewed in love!

GUIBRO', 1852.

W R I G H T ' S P O E M S .

MAN WAS NEVER MADE TO MOURN.

STANZA I.

Could He who made the sun to shine
On Earth's opaque and dreary spot,
Forbid that pleasure should be mine,
To see, and then enjoy it not?

Ah, no ! I can't indulge in this,
One moment's thought convinces me
That the Supreme can't do amiss :
His ways in harmony agree.

If the reverse, dark chaos would
Have been the spot prefix'd to man,
There mourning, then, he never could
The subject of Gods bounty scan.

Here, now, behold, with with brilliant eye !
Not with indignity, tho' stern,
And ascertain the reason why,
Brave Man was never made to Mourn.

In time, the finite creature may
Progression make, and always learn
In wisdom thus : and truly say
That Man was never made to Mourn.

Now every thing that heart can wish
He has and yet he's discontent :
He calls, and want's another dish,
Because his steps are evil bent.

But now, let these take fresh direction,
Feet shod with Gospel preparation ;
'Twill shew the fruit of good correction,
And cause Content in every station.

To say that Man was made to Mourn,
By the All-wise—it chills my blood !
Let each a nobler lesson learn,
So easy to be understood.

Man wants some tangibility,
To demonstrate by ocular ;
The tryune unanimity,
And trace it in the secular.

Now, Prove by this, that these must fade
Or thus, in conflagration burn.
Man's vital spark was never made!
Then tell me how Man's made to Mourn?

'Tis said that Man was made to Mourn,
And spend his time and strength below;
Yea, never have one joyful turn,
Nor yet to live himself to know!

I want to know who made him thus—
So wretched and forlorn to be!
With mind half-ruin'd by a curse,
Affecting all the world, and me.

Can man presume God's bolts to cast,
And mark unbounded mighty power,
By epithet, that man was lost,
And vengeance on his Maker shower?

Nay, stay thy bolts, thou thinking part,
And now on equilibrium shine;
Here prove that man with feeling heart
Can draw the equitorial line.

By love immortal dare to try,
And let thy zeal with ardour burn;
The powers of earth and hell defy,
To prove that Man was made to Mourn.

By Nature only, this I'll prove—
And make it absolutely clear;
That here the true main-spring is love,
Impell'd by motive quite sincere.

Could He who fills immensity,
Creating all things by his nod;
Thus, have this vile propensity—
To act unworthy of a God?

No! Man, to whom the same belongs,
He only can attribute that;
Who sits the day inventing wrong,
And rues he on the subject sat.

His business now he'll strive to mind,
And see all right at every turn;
Then search, and in the same he'll find
That Man, was never made to Mourn!

Behold! how Nature's garden teems
With fruit luxuriant all around—
A Paradise on earth it seems,
With sweets arising from the ground.

For man, the daring creature man
T' enjoy, whose zeal should ever burn
In ardour, when he sees the plan;
Mark! Man was never made to Mourn.

Convince me ! mind with years shall fail,
Or be by endless ages worn ;
Till then, your object can't prevail,
Nor prove, that Man was made to Mourn.

We may through Christ who raised him high,
Shine as the Cherubs brilliant burn :
Augmenting bliss, I'll tell you why !
Brave Man, was never made to Mourn.

STANZA II.

Would Man, the master-piece of God,
Have had his image stamped thereon,
And that to perish 'neath the sod ?
No ! Man was never made to Mourn.

And shall his beautiful placid smile
In love and ardent lustre burn,
Only to lavish here awhile,
And then in lamentations mourn ?

Absurd, ridiculous, the thought !
That free Beneficence could turn,
And dash his creature, man, to nought,
Or cause his better part to mourn.

Be this far hence for me to think
That God would be so rudely stern.
Vain thought! in deep oblivion sink;
For Man was never made to Mourn.

What can my long experience give
To prove him right in every turn;
Who wills man should in Comfort live;
For he, was ne'er design'd to mourn.

See, the provision He hath made
For us! well stored in Nature's urn,
The light, the heat, the cooling shade,
Shew, Man was never made to mourn.

The sun for heat, the moon for light,
Are given each one in their turn;
To rule the day, and cheer the night,
Mark! Man was never made to mourn.

Fruits are in rich abundance spread,
Or strung for us at every turn;
Man is his choice on bounties fed,
God ne'er design'd that man should mourn.

Companions each may have, to suit
Their inclination,—here we learn,
From whom may spring such lovely fruit
As never was design'd to mourn.

The universal Church of Christ,
This lovely, lasting lesson learn ;
Who, on himself doth ever feast,
Rejoicing, never more to mourn.

True reconciliation proves
The gemy, golden, crystal urn,
Wherein this lasting treasure moves
Which tells me, man need never mourn.

Unless for sin, at his own will :
The act of which, shall cause the turn,
And bid the passion's rage be still !
Thus proving, man's not made to mourn.

He, is pronounced blessed now,
Who will but this small lesson learn ;
Only unto Jehovah bow,
Then shall he thus, rejoicing mourn.

Our ransom, CHRIST did truly buy,
When rocks were rent, asunder torn,
And tho' at times we have to sigh,
Man never was design'd to mourn.

The flowery paths whereon I walk,
And feel their glist'ning lustre burn ;
Forbids my tongue in idle talk
To say, that man was made to mourn.

This theme, in time, must have an end,
And all may now its purport learn,
Of him who is the Mourner's friend,
Who ne'er design'd that man should mourn.

THE TREE OF BENEVOLENCE.

Acts of Benevolence, I find,
Are germs of Christian love,
Which has its seat in heart or mind,
Its origin above.

Be it well known, this sterling fact,
Proves man so like his Maker,
That by its rules, each ought to act
As they have been partaker!

This Tree! no hand on earth can foil,
Its root is at the top;
'Tis not a plant of Nature's soil,
Yet stoops the world to prop.

'Twill grow and overspread all lands,
Stretching from pole to pole!
Its fruit the lowliest commands—
Embosom'd in the soul.

Behold it bud and blossom fair !
So splendid is its hue :
Salubrious in her native air,
And droops the honey dew.

Benevolence—the boon of Heaven !
Each soul hath got a portion ;
And this to man was freely given,
To use with proper caution.

Benevolence—in word and deed—
Points to an object there !
Then runs with eager steps to feed,
With bread, and earnest prayer.

Now this, is the design that we
Are met together for ;
United let our efforts be,
To make a generous stir.

Thus, man assimilates his God,
Striving with good intent,
Hereby avert the pending rod,
Which waits the evil bent.

Benevolence—is held so pure,
Without it, nothing's just,
Beyond all time it shall endure,
Let none betray their trust.

Benevolence doth stamp on man,
A dignity unknown ;
Unbounded love with pleasure ran,
To make the same your own.

Then claim it now, as yours it must
In time or never be ;
When used well, 'twill never rust,
Throughout eternity.

But shine beyond the stars on high,
Far brighter than the sun !
The reason is, I'll tell you why,
Because it there begun.

Benevolence—let each maintain,
Rejoice ye little band !
The interest with the sun you gain,
Stretch forth the liberal hand.

THE FRUITS OF BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence produces this
Delicious luxury ;
A present, and eternal bliss,
And nought can be more free !

The major part I strive to tell,
 And stretch my utmost thought :
 The very instant Adam fell,
 Benevolence him caught.

And then applied the healing balm !
 To that most awful wound ;
 Which set mankind into alarm,
 And curst their native ground.

Benevolence, a scheme devis'd,
 To cancel all the deed ;
 Yea, Heaven itself was quite surprised !
 To hear of woman's seed.

Wisdom alone the secret knew
 Of that unique affair ;
 The splendour of that golden screw,
 Embodied in the heir.

Of all the world, both bond and free—
 His right commands the whole :
 From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
 Stretching from pole to pole.

Benevolence—a vast unknown,
 In full extent to be !
 And where its smallest seeds are sown,
 Proofs are, there is a Tree.

From whence the good of which we boast,
As our most rightful claim ;
And often give the cheer, or toast
To grace our splendid name.

Fruits do in rich abundance grow,
And all partake of these ;
Then let the most fastidious know
God strives the same to please.

Mark ! seeds may grow to plants in time,
And plants spring up to trees ;
Located in a healthful clime,
Wafted by heaven's breeze.

Benevolence is not in man,
To claim as his own right ;
For this would mar our Author's plan,
And all our prospects blight.

We have the principle within,
And that was freely given ;
For us to master every sin,
And claim a seat in heaven.

Then never let us boast of what,
The world could never make ;
But let our boasting be of that,
For Jesu's precious sake.

Benevolence—in Comfort now,
We must enjoy while here ;
And then her plants will thrive and grow,
And none be in the rear.

As Cedars tall in Lebanon,
These lovely Trees shall stand !
When from this stage of life we're gone,
T' appear at God's right hand.

For evermore enjoying what,
We cannot now conceive ;
Fruits precious, in fair Canaan's port,
To those who do believe.

A shorter nor a better plan,
Could all the world devise ;
Than that which God hath laid for man,
That all may gain the prize.

A CANTATA ON BENEVOLENCE.

Wherein is man the image of
The brightest star that ever shone ?
'Tis this, Benevolence or love,
Which did for him atone !

The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
The starving soul receive ;
And visit such in time of need,
The destitute relieve.

This God-like principle may we
In practise here make known ;
That British subjects may be free,
And claim it as their own.

Our duty and our interest too,
Are link'd together close ;
And one will make the other grow,
But neither grow by force.

Unanimous be every soul
In magnanimity ;
Then each shall drink the crystal bowl
To all eternity.

Where we shall feast on splendid store,
Compos'd of purest love ;
Nor shall we thirst, or hunger more,
In that bright world above.

ON DEPRECATING PHRENOLOGY.

The subject of Anatomy,
Is too sublime for man ;
To ridicule Phrenology,
When neither he can scan.
Far better let these things alone,
Than either one abuse ;
But learn for what himself was born,
And then that lesson use.
Wisdom consists in this degree
Of Man's acquirement ;
As he is now an agent free !
To choose his own content.
Phillippick minds may never soar,
On eagle's wings to rise ;
Where knowledge is for evermore,
Held sacred to the wise.

WORKING ON THE SABBATH.

Will daring man presume to say,
And do as he may list,
To work the live-long Sabbath day.
And strike God with his fist ?

When man's uplifted puny arm,
Dares him to do his worst,
Think on the woe I cannot name,
Wherewith he now is curs'd.
Let this suffice to counsel thee,
But use thy own self-will;
Against thee in the end shall be
A desperate awful bill.
Now take encouragement, and say—
I will some Comfort have,
And spend this holy Sabbath day
For that beyond the grave.

THE NEW JERUSALEM ENJOYED.

On Jordan's banks I boldly stand,
And view the lovely Promis'd Land;
Fair Canaan is the spot for me,
Where I can with my Saviour be.

CHORUS.

Come my friends and go with me,
The New Jerusalem to see.

Comfort we shall then enjoy,
And nothing shall our peace destroy.
Harmonious sounds salute the ear,
Of those, who get their passage clear.
Chorus, &c.

These bodies shall immortal rise
From all contempt, and claim their prize,
United by the hand Divine,
And in his glory ever shine.
Chorus, &c.

Garments unspotted each shall wear,
In regions of salubrious air ;
All of one heart, and mind, and will,
And Jesus shall the banquet fill.
Chorus, &c.

A FIRST-RATE PUBLIC SPEECH,

Made in the Town Hall, Middlesbro'.

TERMINATING IN THE PET.

Hark ye ! said one, who lik'd to sound
The trumpet of self-praise ;
I care for none, to none I'm bound,
I ne'er had better days.

Tho' twenty years ago, forsooth,
No hat, or shoes to feet,
Had I, when shipwrecked but a youth,
And then no friend to meet.

B

Economy and labour may
Possess my mind in truth ;
These hands have wrought since that dark day
To satisfy my mouth.

A carping disposition some
May manifest to me ;
Care I for that base hollow drum ?
However loud it be.

A thousand pounds do I possess,
Then I will do my duty,
To help the needful in distress,
And ornament my beauty.

This shews my disposition grand,
I like to lift a neighbour ;
And give to all a friendly hand,
No matter, drunk or sober.

A gentleman, on coming near
The entry where I stood,
A shilling gave to me, it's here,
To buy the needy food.

Twelve loaves of bread—with smiling phiz
'Twill get—I'll do my duty !
Then threw it down, and there it is,
Says he, it is a beauty.

Here's sixpence more, a lady gave,
My subject now to close ;
She came right up with spirit brave,
To aid a lovely cause.

But now, I would advise you folk,
To use both hands, and head ;
And then my money, nor my talk,
You'll need to get your bread.

Now what d'ye think to that my friends ?
I've made a noble speech !
For where the same with money ends,
A man may always preach.

An egotistic mode some have,
To suit their inclination ;
And think themselves so wonderful brave,
In this exalted station.

Perhaps you may excuse him here,
As he's subject to that,
And may be in some doubt, and fear,
He'd lose again his hat.

Then if his brains be in the same,
With vessel on the ocean,
And Neptune bury all his fame,
He's lost a noble portion.

MORAL.

Your passions vile and strong subdue,
Maintain a lasting calm;
Or shortly you'll have cause to rue--
That these were foster'd warm.

No fuel add unto the flame,
In fury now to rise!
For this will mar a lovely name,
And prove you ought but wise.

Mark! passions of the mind are grand,
When reason is their guide!
She holds them in her sole command,
And stems the current tide.

Abrasion by sterility,
Volition of the will,
May spoil the man's utility,
And leave him shipwreck'd still.

A COMPLICATED DISEASE,

Mark ! here's a radical cure for the same,
Prepared by the FACULTY,
Viz., one large Bolus, and one small Pill
To be carefully taken fasting,
And a cordial draught prescribed by the PHYSICIAN,
The Bill 1s. 6d. paid in priority,
By two friends of the Benevolent Society.

Diseases often come through want—
Of paying due attention,
In youth, unto the tender plant,
To guard againt desention:

Sorry enough I feel to state
Some principals of old,
Tho' hetrodox, and bound in fate,
Mankind have bought and sold.

To Patients who are sick and wan,
As some are found by grief,
The Doctors try their wisest plan,
T'administer relief.

One now steps up, and feels the pulse
Of body, or of mind,
Says he, "the system's in convulse,
Of Egotistic kind."

A Bolus then so large and bitter,
Was given through a BELL,
Which set the patient in a twitter,
He could not bear the smell.

So other plans of course were us'd,
To make the storm a calm ;
The whole of which he now refus'd,
And left his seat quite warm.

Physician then prescription wrote,
A cure for the pet ;
As in the same the man was caught,
I'm glad a friend he's met.

To shew I'm in a friendly state,
The case I cannot smother ;
If this small pill don't operate,
I'll make him up another.

This cordial should at once go down,
A draught of cold spring water ;
No doubt your stomach's filthy grown,
By drinking too much porter.

NOW BAXTER'S works I've truly read,
And Wesley's Physic too ;
To cure disease of heart and head,
And make the man anew.

If those who bear the name as yet,
 Would contemplate the samè,
 They'd never march off in the pet,
 But honour still the name.

MORAL.

When Men of sense can not agree,
 Yea, Priests and Doctors too!
 How can the vague and vulgar see,
 What's right for them to do?
 Opinion's vary as the wind,
 And oft confounded are,
 When this is felt! fair reason's blind,
 Our passions are at war.

A GOOD OLD MAXIM FOR ALL MANKIND
 TO GET RID OF THE PET, IN TWO PARTS,

STANZA I. J

While moving along, in the Vortex of pleasure,
 I'm anxious to grasp at a flower!
 'Thats worth more by half, than the whole of my
 treasure,
 Tho' its beauty may fade in an hour.

If this be the case, that one moment will measure,
Th' enjoyment I have with my jewel;
The smooth hand of time in the midst of the seizure.
To me, bears a mark of the cruel.

Life, void of enjoyment, is nothing to me!
The whole is now not worth a groat;
Unless in the midst I've a heart full of glee!
I'd better be nothing as aught.

I view at a distance the object of which,
I ardently long for and toil;
Yea, oft through the day, would pull the long stitch,
Or deeply be digging the soil.

Here labouring so hard and nothing to get,
But what the most indolent have;
T'would drive the industrious home in the pet!
To think he is worse than a slave.

But this is a fact, in the midst of the whole!
Which only increases the smart;
Instead of a lift, I'm blest with a fall,
That wounds the poor sensitive heart.

Such things as are stated, perplex'd me awhile,
Till I found all the world was a cheat;
Then on its big blunders, I often would smile,
And tread them down under my feet.

You may judge giving way, will not do at all,
But stand the test firm as a rock,
So that wanting a smile, you hav't at a call,
And hold in your bosom the stock.

What a fashion is this, so much now in vogue,
To depend on the weak and infirm,
Where honesty strives to be in with a rogue,
And measure a calm by a storm.

Hence a ponderous weight hangs over the mind,
And weakens the physical powers ;
The eyes of the head are as if they were blind.
And all this disaster is yours.

Far away be the pressure, that's none of your own,
You tug, and you pull at the oar ;
While many that see you, wont have it be known,
So long as you land them on shore.

Where they can be safe, from the danger and harm,
That may rise from the billows of life ;
And have themselves seated so snug and so warm,
By the side of their Children and Wife.

All is well, if those see ; that these have a right
To a share, who labour and toil ;
Then strive to promote the same with their might,
And grant them the fruit of the soil.

This is just what they need to help them to labour,
And give them content in their station ;
A heart that is clean and a head that is sober,
To own and esteem their relation.

Now think of the matter and drop me the thought,
That I may improve on the same ;
Then my subject I guess will not be for nought,
It happen may raise you to fame.

Good bye for the present ! I must move on my way,
The sky is now low'ring for rain ;
If the weather be fair and a fine summer's day ;
I trust then to meet you again.

STANZA II.

ON THE PET OR THE SETTLING POINT.

Lovely summer has come and the day is so fine,
In the which I proposed to meet
The friendly, whose heart is as open as mine ;
With pleasure each other to greet.

You're aware the pettish can never enjoy,
What nature unfolds to the eye ;
The vile mopish passion will ever destroy,
All beauty that riches can buy.

If this be a truth which cannot gainsay !

Then listen to me a short while ;

As the season is fine and a beautiful day,

I think I can bring you to smile.

Now what would you say if I'd all to my self,

That man upon earth could enjoy !

The gold, and the silver, with meat on the shelf,

And a sweet little darling my toy.

In addition thereto have a garden so grand,

Abounding with flowers and fruit ;

With music attendance, and all at command,

Do ye think that these pleasures would suit ?

No, not so ! the mopish, and pettish inclined,

He can't see a beauty in these.

He has all but just lost the power of mind,

Existing himself for to tease ;

We'll grant him smart Horses and Foxes to hunt,

With Fowls of the air for to shoot ;

These only contribute fine feelings to blunt,

He'll find he has nothing to boot ;

All this sort of thing is but pettish indeed,

For man to depend on as pleasure ;

Wherein is no item the mind for to feed,

That gasps for a permanent treasure.

While living let us, look abroad a wee bit,
And view all the beauties around ;
And not like the pet in a corner to sit,
Nor yet with the sensual found.

Behold the fair picture of Nature, behold !
The brilliance of Sol in the sky ;
Whose rays are all ting'd with a lustre of gold,
Mid the zephyrs of summer that fly.

View, yon canopy splendid, without seam or join,
That covers all nature below !
From thence cast your vision direct to the point,
Of whom it is wisdom to know.

Who form'd all the stars and planets that move,
And each in successional spheres ;
Equal order maintain, below and above,
So perfect for thousands of years.

Yea, the elements mighty, their office maintain,
And all for the use of our race ;
To the end of the world, the same shall remain,
So permanent, fix'd in their place.

The wide-spreading seas, and rivers that flow,
And ebb by lunar attraction ;
Grand mutual display, of wisdom to know—
Their offices void of distraction.

On earth, see the carpet of green that is spread !
 Bedeck'd with spontaneous flowers,
 Each nods to its centre, then lifts up its head,
 And says to mankind, I am yours.

See the universe wide, so far beyond reach,
 And mark the grasshoppers within !
 The whole it contains, this lesson may teach,
 Man alone is the subject of sin.

But why hang his head, when redemption is nigh,
 The Saviour beholds the lost sheep ;
 Lead me to the rock, that is higher than I,
 And in its embraces to keep :

*Beholding its beauties wherever I roam,
 Close follow my leader Divine ;
 Then wanderings in future, shall not be from home,
 The family blessings are mine.

With fruits in abundance that spring from the
 ground,
 All these then ! are blessed to man.
 The goodness of God, in the midst doth abound,
 In wisdom conducting the plan :

Whereby in subservance, each to his will,
 May answer the end of the same ;

In the scheme of redemption the whole to fulfil,
And honour the Saviour's name.

Through this fleeting life, with immortal in verge,
The rise and the progres of which
Should engage our attention, and constantly urge
Us, mortals in life to be such.

The immortal begins, where immortality ends,
In unity, body and soul ;
The Saint then in harmony ! loveliness blends,—
Her voice in the midst of the whole.

There in ecstatic joy, his soul shall delight,
Where nothing that's pettish is known ;
But all shall be pleasant, each countenance bright,
Enjoying for ever their own.

DEPENDENCE ON A BREEZE.

One evening as I wander'd forth
On Banks of River Tees ;
I fancied all that I was worth,
Depended on a breeze.

As my good man was foreign bound,
With manufactur'd store ;

So wistfully I look'd around,
Thinking he'd land no more.

Far off he's gone, and driven by,
Such mighty winds as blow ;
I look'd anon with tearful eye,
And fain to him would go.

The father of my children dear,
May never reach his home ;
Oh ! happy could I have him here,
No more from us to roam.

These thoughts now cross'd my heaving breast,
Mid passions rage within ;
My mind thereby was much distress'd,
Nor could me comfort win.

Then hope sprung up, thus to relieve,
The troubles of my mind ;
And told me that I might deceive,
Myself and children kind.

Waft ! Waft ! ye breezes fill the sails,
And drive the vessel hence ;
With pleasant trading lovely gales,
He'll soon arrive from thence.

I hope with vessel richly stor'd,
Thus, make a good return ;
And in our port, be safely moor'd,
I'd never fret and mourn !

Considering he who holds the wind,
So firm within his fist ;
Is to his creatures ever kind,
And wills them to be bless'd.

Why should I grieve when storms arise,
And mighty billows rage !
His wondrous power the world defies !
Who did for us engage.

And those subservient to his will,
Shall ever rest secure ;
He bids the raging seas be still !
Whose word doth yet endure.

And shall throughout the length of days,
When rocks, and mountains fall ;
Yea ! oceans dry, and nature pays,
Full tribute to his call.

The husband, wife, and children dear,
Were out of nothing spoke ;
And rais'd by love the most sincere,
In flowery paths to walk.

Which lead mankind direct to God,
There Captain and their guide ;
Attend the dictates of his word,
He surely will provide.

If I should never see that face,
Again on Britons Isle,
Time cannot from my mind erase ;
His placid lovely smile.

My bosom heaves—I cannot tell
The feelings of my heart ;
But shall we meet where all is well,
Never again to part ?

Yes, when cross'd the river Jordon we,
Shall meet to part no more ;
And in the sweetest harmony,
Land safe on Caanan's shore.

Together, where enjoyment grows,
Beyond the swelling seas ;
Tho' here each blast of wind that blows,
Is but a heavenly breeze—

To waft us on, through time apace,
That each and all with pleasure ;
May thus secure through Jesus grace,
At home a lasting treasure.

A PANEGYRIC ON POET BURNS.

AN ADDRESS.

Well, brother Bard, tho' thou art gone
Far off this stage of life,
Kin Pilgrims yet are travelling on,
Through this vain world of strife.

We write or scribble in the march,
And blunder on to find,
Tho' often bet while in the search
Of peace unto the mind.

These things I much admire in thee,
Thy independant turns ;
Ah ! would that all mankind were free,
And sheen as Robert Burns.

Contented tho' in low estate,
Thou seems as ever blest ;
From Nature and the Muse create
Sweet pleasures in thy breast.

Then up to Nature's God would look,
To welcome him their guide ;
'Tho' poverty be in the nook,
He surely will provide.

Thy writings shew to me thy state,
And time which thou hast spent ;
That man may strive to mend his fate,
By good-will and content.

But never grieve, and sob, and say,
The time is ill bestowed !
And mis-improved, or cast away,
Those right who 're best best endow'd ?

The moral lessons thou hast taught
Man culls to his own taste ;
As bounding full the same are fraught,
And cannot run to waste.

Be these inductive of content,
For which mankind are striving,
Though all the powers of mind are bent,
Themselves are only driving.

Thy subject Man was made to mourn,
Still proves a master's pen.
So handled that each may learn,
A lesson, worthy man.

Tho' sure enough man has to mourn,
But would he only think,
And over-leaf once make the turn,
He'd break the mourning link.

I see thy intimation given,
Of youthful time mis-spent,
By which mankind are often driven—
To mourn, repine, and want.

Ourselves, we ought to blame, not others,
For ills that us befall;
Though we are apt to tax our brothers,
And not ourselves at all.

Yet, this taxation comes at length,
Right home, with might and main;
But from the charge, just gather'd strength,
For penalties and pain.

Man often brings on man a curse,
When he has lost protection;
Which makes the evil ten-fold worse,
And needs the more correction.

With thee, Scotch bard, I acquiesce,
And recognise thee such;
To help a brother in distress,
We cannot do too much.

Thus, man to man would prove so kind
The other sex would be—
Wrapt up in love, no wit behind,
And all in harmony.

Splendid example this, for those—
Who're offspring of the same ;
But now my subject here must close,
They're worth a Christian name.

And thou, I trust in high estate,
Where names and titles cease,
Art landed safe through heaven's gate,
T'enjoy a lasting peace.

With music string so tightly strung,
My friends herein accord ;
For he who formed a Gabriel's tongue !
Need only speak the word.

THE WEALTH OF CLEVELAND HILLS.

The Cleveland hills so pregnant are,
With Ore of useful cast ;
Than Gold, or Silver, better far !
Mitur'd by a blast.

Thousands of workmen we engage,
To get the metal up !

All are employ'd from youth to age,
Along the mountain top.

California is nought to us !
We dont begrudge their gold !
We've meat and clothing overplus !
And riches to behold !

A quaint prediction now we have,
And mark the passage still ;
In sailing see the banner wave,
Its author must fulfil.

The barren hills are fruitful grown,
So plentious is the store ;
That if the secret had been known,
We'd got it long before.

Here's Iron, Copper, Brass, and Lead,
Just covered with a cap ;
Yea Silver, and the Golden thread,
Cleveland has in her lap.

Good workmen now are called forth,
In this large field to labour ;
And every man shall have his worth,
So long as he keeps sober.

Our Gents I know are honor bright,
And strive whatever they can ;
Maintaining each their lawful right,
And act their part as man.

Long time the store from us was hid,
But now the world may see ;
For God whose power raised up the lid,
Alone possess'd the key.

In railway plate Bolekow and Vaughan,
Can now vie with the world ;
They smelt big hills of Iron Stone,
Down in their furnace hurl'd.

From thence conducted to the Sow,
By trench the Pigs to feed ;
And thus hugh lumps of metal grow,
From Stone of Yorkshire breed.

J. Pease, a friend, hath bought a stock
Of Ore, yea! mountains high ;
Solid and firm as is the rock,
On which he stood to try.

The quality of which is good,
This cannot be denied ;
These hills have from the Deluge stood,
Toss'd there by wind and tide.

So beautiful now in order stand,
And all mature grown ;
Yea ! measured by that ponderous wand,
Which never can be known.

Sufficient this to learn that man,
Hath liberty to use ;
And make the best of all he can,
But nothing to abuse.

Behold the high exalted state,
In which he now is found ;
To move within the Palace gate,
Where men of sense abound.

Using their talent as design'd,
By him who gave the trust ;
To dig and dive with dint of mind,
In all their dealings just.

Those Cleveland Hills are sure to be,
For centuries the same ;
Vast wealth in Briton's island free,
With honour to its name.

AN AWKWARD STEP.

I knew a decent honest pair,
Long time were they protected,
With prudence, industry, and care,
While such, were well respected.

Attending Church and Chapel too,
Striving to get to heaven ;
Thus, by example seem'd to shew
Their sins on earth forgiven.

Yea, much caressed by their friends,
And those of higher station ;
As Christianity oft blends
Herself in this relation.

Their path they trod so fine and fair,
No children to annoy them ;
Nor anxious thought or heavy care,
Had they, but to enjoy them.

Fancy, now prompted them to leave,
This spot to gain more riches ;
But quick as seeds run through the seive,
It slacken'd all their stitches.

A public-house they took, and more,
To mend their money making,
Which lessen'd all their golden store,
And spoil'd their cakes in baking.

Four hundred pounds had they to spare,
To landlord's care entrusted ;
But soon he left them clear and bare,
As balance new adjusted.

They now are in a sea-port Town,
And keep a Tom and Jerry ;
So far in life are they come down,
Still striving to be merry.

They harbour ought comes in their way,
Yea Bob, and Kit, and Nancy ;
Thus, linger out their far-spent day
In things to please their fancy.

And more, which chills my blood to tell—
Blaspheming, lying, drinking,
Methinks their smiddy is a hell,
Where such with elves are linking.

Now let us thus sum up the whole,
And mark their situation ;
Who're at the top are nigh the fall,
This is my calculation.

The love of money is the root
Of all this cursed evil ;
We can't expect much better fruit,
Arising from the Devil.

But ah ! when life shall terminate
This scene of anxious caring,
'T will leave its votaries in a state
Of endless woe disparting !

Let this admonish those who think,
And dread the consequences ;
Turn from the way to ruin's brink,
While you have got your senses.

COMFORT.

Comfort there is by land or sea,
And each may have a portion,
Who will imbibe along with me
This comfortable notion ;
And strive with full contentment in
Their own respective station,
Hereby mankind are sure to win
A coat to suit the fashion."

Comfort is just the thing for me,
Comfort is what I want ;
'To fill my heart quite full of glee,
For Comfort now I pant.

Where shall I find the same I pray,
In books, or men, or things !
I've sought it often night and day ;
What is it Comfort brings.

I'd tell you friend, so true and plain,
Without the least demur ;
If you would now sweet comfort gain,
Christ is the comforter.

Without an interest in his blood,
To justify your soul ;
In men and things there's nothing good,
For sin hath drain'd the bowl.

Comfort is that delightful thing,
Which all mankind should have ;
The comforted will loudly sing,
We wont our Comfort save.

Or wrap it up and lay it by,
As some fine petty toy ;
Or else this Comfort soon will die,
Confinement doth destroy.

Obtain the boon and use it well,
Shew it in open day ;
You'll find it sweet to taste and smell,
By use 'twill ne'er decay.

The best of Comfort we may choose,
Daily supplies obtain ;
And if to have it we refuse,
Without it we remain.

Augmented is our joy and love,
If we this Comfort know !
Which has its rise in Christ above,
To Comfort man below.

Comfort ye my people saith,
Our Saviour to his flock ;
Comfort we receive by faith,
In Christ who hath the stock.

Far more than we can e'er conceive,
In the reserved store !
And all who ask aright receive,
Sweet Comfort evermore.

MORAL.

Comfort was obtain'd for all,
By dint of love's intensity ;
And bids us each for Comfort call,
Till lost in its immensity.

THE WOMB OF THE MORNING.

In the uterus of the morn,
Pregnant with beauty fair ;
When darkness of her gloom is shorn,
Reviving is the air.

The wide spread mantle of the night,
Withdrawn, and to our eyes ;
Aurora in the east so bright,
Foretells th'approaching rise.

Of Sol, whose rays in brilliant hue,
Dart on our hemisphere ;
And all the silvery drops of dew,
Are crystallized clear.

Which are dissolving on the rose,
The Leaf, the Plant, the Tree ;
All Nature 'merging from repose,
Alike reviving see.

Or feel, the virtue of the morn,
With power to animate ;
The bud and blossom on the thorn,
Bespeak their lovely state.

The violet peeping from the ground,
 Likewise the primrose sweet ;
 Diffuse their fragrant fumes around,
 And all our senses greet.

The Cowslip, and the Woodbine view,
 Refreshing to the sight ;
 These all the powers of mind renew,
 Through channels of delight.

While we contemplate and survey,
 Their beautious lovely dress ;
 Much we admire the rise of day,
 The God of nature bless.

And then behold the broad expanse,
 Or range of Hill and Dale ;
 With green ore—spread, bliss to enhance !
 Our hope need never fail.

Would we in faith the subject know,
 And reap the whole produce ?
 Then these mature, to fruit shall grow,
 For man's own special use.

A Field here opens to our view,
 Approaching is the day ;
 When nature shall her form renew ;
 And darkness fly away.

The Sun of righteousness must shine,
Throughout the universe!
The fruits of which be yours and mine,
To foster and to nurse.

MORAL.

The risings of thought with a godly desire,
In the heart that is tender and sweet;
Take care of the same as the whole you require.
To render your comfort complete.

THE OAK AND THE WILLOW.

The Oak and Willow do contrast,
Each will assistance lend;
The Oak so firmly bears the blast,
The Willow designs to bend.
With firm resolve let us attend,
And cleave to what is right;
Then bitter blasts shall never end,
Our Valour and our might.

Yet like the willow may we bend,
And ply ourselves indeed;
To give assistance let us lend,
Our help in time of need.
This forms in Vegetation part,
Of what we have to scan;
And learn by Nature and by art,
The moral worthy man.

A MASTER'S EYE.

A master's eye is double worth
For work, of both his hands ;
When ought's amiss it shews his wrath,
On those whom he commands.

Then action points the sensitive,
To move and do his turn ;
Without the least commentative,
From which his duty learn.

If he athwart perchance do move,
Or linger in the plain ;
A master's eye at once will prove,
To him both grief and pain.

Then starting forth he works and well,
With master's eye on him ;
Which sounds far louder than a bell,
Right about will turn him.

The work he sees must now be done,
Or he no wages have ;
Thus is the man propelled on,
To work, regard, and slave.

The eye is the attractive point,
As the magnetic touch ;
Tho' when the system's out of joint,
You can't be working much.

A master's eye upon his men,
Tho' hand be in the pocket ;
Will turn the penny o'er again,
To furnish Coat and Jacket.

That's right say you I've prov'd the thing,
To be as you have said ;
'Twill corn into the market bring,
And plenty for home bread.

Both families will live and thrive,
By strict attention thus ;
And keep the balance sheet alive,
To each an overplus.

Mark ! servants when their masters are,
Indifferent themselves ;
For their advantage seldom care,
With eye upon the shelves.

Their hands are then not far below,
To do whate'er they need ;
Tho' in the field no corn may grow,
They must their bodies feed.

Those masters are the tempters of,
 When eye is out of place;
Attend to them, then each will move,
 And work go on apace.

The head to manage—eyes to see,
 That all is moving right;
Will fill your heart quite full of glee,
 When you turn home at night.

So much for eyes attention to
 Their business done with care,
Your neighbours then will see that you
 Have got no eyes to spare.

THE BOY AND THE PIG.

I knew a chuffy little boy,
 Whose years were only eight,
When he, a Pig did much annoy,
 And teas'd with all his might.

While in a yard where swine were fed,
 He, passing to and fro,
This thought arose within his head,
 A hunting he would go.

As he had miss'd the time for school,
Himself would try to please ;
And make a pig the polish'd tool,
To set his mind at ease.

A servant girl some meat had taken,
And pour'd it in a trough ;
Thus for the pig to feed its bacon,
Nor did he smile or laugh.

So when the girl was out of sight,
John mov'd apace to see
If what she put therein was right,
For pigs to take to tea.

Ah! now, thought he, there's something sweet
Here's carrots in the mess ;
As he could do with one to eat,
He'd make them that one less.

Then moved on to take it out,
But how he didn't know ;
The pig did twist and turn about,
And wouldn't have it so.

As awkward as a jack-ass is,
When in an entry met ;
For now it gruff'd and screw'd its phiz
And wouldn't here be bet.

The lad was awkward as the pig,
Determin'd to be master ;
He thought to play a pretty jig,
But mark ! it play'd one faster.

The lad had ne'er been us'd to ride,
As you shall see just now ;
He lift his leg and got astride
Across the grunting sow.

With awkward lump across its back,
The lad was wrong side first ;
Away it ran, and in a crack,—
His confidence was lost.

Afraid was he, his plan would fail,
In front, nought could he see ;
For he had seiz'd the pig by't tail,
To turn it half and gee.

Poor thing, now bounded up and down,
As frighten'd as the lad ;
'Twas so amaz'd with terror grown,
Its countenance was sad.

Now Johnny had to follow scent,
The pig did puff and blow,
For high and low away it went,
No quicker could it go.

Had you but seen them, as did I,
You'd laugh'd, and well you might,
The pig was making for its sty,
And so was Johnny White.

But little did he think so soon
To reach this dirty place,
Beneath a cart rap went his crown
And smeared his blooming face.

So landed he, 'mid dung and wet,
There left in dirt to lay,
When Johnny saw that he was bet,
He rose, and went his way—

Straight to a brook, that ran close by,
To wash and make him clean ;
As in this state you judge for why,
He durst not then be seen.

When moving slowly home again,
He found a piece of money !
Ah ! now, says he, to banish pain,
God's laid me here a penny.

He saw, the combat, which I had,
With yon churl awkward beast !
Likewise that I am but a lad,
He'll have my mind releas'd.

'Thus, when sorrow fills the heart of man,
And keen relentings pass !
He always does the best he can
To rid him of distress.

A CONSOLATORY STANZA,
ON THE MUSICAL BLIND MAN.

Tho' I'm deprived of my sight,
'Tis providentially so;
He cannot err whose ways are right,
His love I feel and know—

Who is the founder of the world,
Upholder of the same ;
To man his goodness is unfurl'd,
And Jesus is his name.

The mystery unknown to man,
Will soon revealed be,
When all fulfilled is the plan,
And I have eyes to see.

The why, the wherefore, and the doubt,
Which in my bosom rise ;

He bids me cast the evil out,
And now learn to be wise.

These small reproofs in deprivation,
I hold as blessings kind ;
Thankful to God in every station,
I'm blest with strength of mind.

Yea, something more vast vocal power,
With clearness of the head ;
On me doth he such blessings shower,
To make my daily bread.

Likewise my little household dear,
These are by music fed ;
The produce of the same doth cheer,
Those hearts by Jesus led.

Of visual powers am I bereft !
Thank God I've sight within ;
To fly unto the rock that's cleft,
And waits to take me in.

All praise to him who furnish'd me,
With harmony on earth ;
Through faith in Christ I hope to see,
And know my Saviour's worth.

Music above where angels sing,
I trust to join and share ;
With new and heavenly music string,
My only theme the heir—

Of all things, since the world began,
When vast creation join'd ;
The morning stars together sang,
And by their Author tun'd.

Here, I participating learn
To chaunt Jehovah's praise ;
Nor in the darksome casket mourn,
But loud hosannah's raise.

So sweetly sing with harp in tune !
And every sound be true ;
Then soar aloft as larks in June,
And keep the prize in view.

Rejoicing evermore through time,
Shall then have eyes to see ;
And bask in yon thrice happy clime,
To all eternity.

Ye blind behold the glorious day,
Ye dumb speak forth his praise ;
Ye lame now leap for joy and say,
God's right in all his ways !

EMULATION.

The minds of mankind are various in form,
We cannot but wonder, and say,
Some are so pettish, they'd tread on a worm,
Much rather than pass it away.

When harrows and ploughs were coarse and uncouth,
They harrass'd the peasant to drag,
His head was inclin'd or his body forsooth,
And his limbs he hardly could wag.

But onward we march, necessity drives
The mind of man to invention ;
And tho' the whole world at Johnny connives,
He'd publish now his intention.

Not satisfied here, that Harp lays in tune,—
But strike on the anvil we say ;
Hit the nail on the head, in spite of Buffoon,
And work while 'tis called to-day.

Envy is winking, contumely spreads,
While Farmers are anxious to test—
The thing for themselves, who are no logger-heads,
Experience will shew it the best.

These vigilant men who labour so hard,
In ploughing and tilling the ground ;
'Tis right we would say, such have their reward,
As manage by principal sound.

Guisbro' can boast of a workman to beat—
The anvil, from morning to night,
Whose head is engag'd, while he's on his feet,
To polish the article bright.

The muscular powers of man may engage,
With physical force to do much,
But mind on the hinge, will rise to a stage,
Surpassing corporial touch.

A token of which he got for a plough,
Whose harrows unrivall'd stand ;
The same is set forth that others may know,
To get the improvement to land.

Mechanics with mind are wonderful men,
To help on the labouring class ;
Those with discernment will own the same, when
The genius has brought it to pass.

We'd have all the world patronizing the best,
Wherever the same may be found ;
And cast those aside discarding the rest,
Which make no improvement to ground.

Our joy is enhanc'd by the prospect in view,
Of what is now rising to shine ;
While invention is such, 'tis forming anew,
Elastics the world to combine.

Then labour is ease, with pleasure we take
Our part, in the movement of things ;
Fair genius is such inclining to make
All art, move together on springs.

Let each then engage in the work now begun,
According to that which is given ;
Then we shall receive the plaudit, well done,
Enter into the kingdom of heaven.

BITTERS AND SWEETS IN THE BALANCE.

(BEHOLD THE PREPONDERANCE.)

The winter is past and the summer appears,
As spring in its beauty doth shine ;
I have seen their succession for many long years,
Revolving, and counted them mine.

Tho' keen was the winter that ruff'd my mind,
The casket was out of condition ;
Methought the elements all were combin'd,
To settle and fix the position.

Bread loaf in the season, to provide cold or hot,
I must look about for the same ;
My business not laying so long in a spot,
To raise me to wealth or to fame.

The harsh winds lay hold of what I cannot name,
And often do disorganize ;
Or chance might extinguish the brilliant flame,
That else in my bosom would rise.

The keen frost of old age synonymous speak,
To me of the bitters of life ;
Unless that in youth, man is striving to seek ;
To drive off the tumult and strife.

But spring doth appear in its loveliest form,
And summer draws on with its store ;
In the which to provide for the bitterest storm,
That ever can rise on the shore.

•

Where the nightingale sings with musical sound,
And welcome the rising of day ;
'Mid the roses that spring so sweet from the ground,
While zephyrs are flying in May.

Salubrious fumes now impregnate the breeze,
That wafts so delicious and free ;
The shrub and the plant, and the sweet olive trees,
Contribute their store unto me.

But this is not all, see the grass and the corn,
So richly maturing for us !
Who often are apt to think light of morn,
And let it with indolence pass.

Were it not for the morn we couldn't have day,
To qualify man with his beauty ;
In the which we have spring, the summer we say,
Rewards him for doing his duty.

When winter of life comes on in its course,
And man is but week and infirm ;
If he like the Bee, have his sweets from the source,
He thrives in the midst of the storm.

External, internal, or casual pressure,
That harass his body or mind ;
By grace may we hail as enhancement of treasure,
Reserved in heaven to find.

•
Tho' the troubles of life, may perplex us awhile,
We know what we have to endure ;
To gain the enjoyment of his blessed smile,
Who for us, hath made it secure.

What this will amount to no mortal can tell,
He has'nt wherewith to compare ;
By and by he shall see and feel all is well,
In the midst of the harmony there.

Where troubles and trials for ever are past,
No bitters with sweets to unite ;
The furniture must be of heavenly cast,
To shine so eternally bright.

As now do the seraphs with lyrical string,—
Full in tune, each sounding his lyre ;
So they who are fitted and have the main spring,
Shall enjoy more than heart can desire.

Far away be the thought of troubles in time,
Or billows that mountainous rise ;
More than all is made up in yon happy clime !
Where we shall have gained the prize.

THE SEAMAN'S RANGE.

Far away from my home I wander and roam,
To plough the wide ocean for bread ;
Or in search of a prize 'mid the billows that rise,
And toss far above the mast head.

Far away from the valley, no more can I rally,
Depriv'd of the pleasures of youth,
I am striving to gain, tho' with labour and pain,
Some Comfort in riches, forsooth.

Having tried it for years, 'mid danger and fears,
And finding no better but worse ;
A change in the mind is 'gendering I find,
To make out the profit and loss.

When deeply I'm poring, my vessel is soaring,
So high in the element round ;
Amazed I stand with the helm in my hand,
And long to be on solid ground.

When I think of my wife, the comfort of life,
And cannot get to her a bit ;
This sets me half ranty, to think I have plenty
Of love, in a corner to sit.

I have need of some aid, when I'm deep in the shade
And fain would I fly to the spot ;
Wherein is my treasure the sweetest of pleasure,
That lays in the grove or grot.

Thus, to contemplate there, so free from all care,
And the sweets of rurality see ;
So happy I'm then, in the grove or the glen,
My heart it would dance to the glee.

With domestic's around, my comforts abound,
My wife and my children are here ;
Each and all are as one when sorrow is gone,
In love, bid adieu to all fear.

Now I'll tell you the cause before I do close,
The subject that I have in hand ;
'Tis the moral I seek if I pore for a week,
I'll find it by sea or by land.

In flirt of the fancy some think its in Nancy,
And others in ranging abroad ;
Some seek it in gold, and on this they lay hold,
Tho' nothing will comfort afford.

Except you have this, the centre of bliss,
Christ in you the lovely and meek ;
Which is all that we need on pleasure to feed,
And never more further to seek.

Avoiding resentment, producing contentment,
In whatever station you are ;
By unity free you with me will agree ;
We never need sink in despair.

'Twill buoy up the mind, then with pleasure you'll
find,
Your vessel's afloat on the ocean ;
Tho' this be your lot you will sail to the spot,
And enjoy a heavenly portion.

ANALYSIS OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM,
IN ELEVEN PARTS,
AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS HOME.

- 1st, Description of his person, his resolution.
- 2nd, His confidence.
- 3rd, His assurance.
- 4th, His preparation.
- 5th, His Faith.
- 6th, His Guide.
- 7th, Difficulties surmounted.
- 8th, Christian love manifest.
- 9th, Courage, on the verge of Time.
- 10th, Rejoicing in his station.
- 11th, Exultation in the enjoyment of peace at home.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS HOME.

Hark ! the Christian Pilgrim sings,

As he mounts on Eagles wings,

And it tightens all his strings.

CHORUS,—Heaven's my home.

I'm a Pilgrim here on earth,

With my staff I'll travel forth ;

Till I know the Christian's worth,

CHORUS,—Heaven's my home.

When this body is low laid,

I shall never be afraid ;

Surely then as now I've said,

Chorus, &c.

Tho' the fig tree blossom not,

I will hasten to the spot,

Lovely Canaan is my lot.

Chorus, &c.

Tho' the olive it shall fail,

Yea, and wicked men may rail,

Yet my vessels in full sail.

Chorus, &c.

Tho' my friends and money's gone,
Still by faith I'll travel on,
Till the conquest I have won.

Chorus, &c.

Now my Captain's at the helm,
And no storm can me o'erwhelm,
I'll enjoy a blissful realm.

Chorus, &c.

Tho' the stormy winds may blow,
And the sea mountainous grow,
Yet this truth I surely know!

Chorus, &c.

Oh that I could now prevail,
On my friends with me to sail,
And enjoy a lovely gale.

Chorus, &c.

Tho' the stream of time may swell,
Yea, and ring her funeral bell,
On the verge I shout All's well

Chorus, &c.

Mighty billows then may foam,
When I've gain'd the Pilgrim's home,
In sweet Paradise to roam!

Chorus, &c.

There in centre of my store !
Reap enjoyment evermore !
Testing all I said before !

Chorus, &c.

ROSEBERRY TOPPING FAIR,
ON TRINITY SUNDAY.

At Roseberry Topping, pray what's to do there !
On Trinity Sunday, behold !
The men of the world institute a big fair,
And barter their duty for gold.

Recreation and Sport the intent of the mass,
Who resort to this noble mount ;
To sip at the bottle, and drink of the glass,
But seldom partake of the fount.

Though a well is at hand, miraculous sprung,
To execute judgment on man ;
Indicative this of the stone that was flung
For Babel, the mountain to scan.

If this be the case, behold it and wonder !
Why stands it so firm to this day ;

Lightnings have struck it, and loud peals of
thunder,
While nations have gone to decay.

A circumstance here, by tradition we hold,
Of one who presumed to thwart,
Designs of her Maker, impertinence bold,
Got wounded, and cut to the heart.

While poring to find out the mysteries hid,
By Providence wisely conceal'd ;
The practise of which, now the Scriptures forbid,
Sufficient to man is revealed.

The vengeance of God, by His agency, will
Execute judgment on such
As do not obey, but are obstinate still,
Though kindness has follow'd them much.

A mountain was chose by old Satan, to tempt
The son of the truly most high ;
And none of mankind in the world are exempt
From his fiery arrows that fly.

Shall we an example of demonic cast,
So wilfully take to ourselves,
The vengeance of Him, who hath Satan bound
fast,
Where none shall appear but his elves.

Then ascend to the mount, ye sinners who dare
Your arm now so puny uplift ;
And call it your own, being Roseberry Fair,
While vengeance pursueth you swift.

The servants of God have a claim to this spot,
Call'd Roseberry Topping, so high !
Yea, the Author of this, just sprung from its foot,
And right, to the summit would fly.

Mount Zion's the city, so chosen of God,
Emblematick of permanent bliss ;
And nothing can move it except his own nod,
Whose firm declaration is this.

Mount Horeb's the place where the law was pro-
claim'd,
By Moses, the saint of the Lord ;
The wilderness too, of Mount Sinai so nam'd,
For God spoke it holy in word.

While Moses himself stood trembling with fear !
Nor durst he behold the fair sight !
With shoes on his feet, when the voice he did hear
Speak loud with Omnipotent might.

Moriah, and Ararat, each bore a mark,
Of peace, and goodwill unto man ;
Here faith was develop'd, there rested the Ark,
According to Deity's plan.

Paul stood in the midst of Mars hill ye perceive,
And there, to Athenians preach'd;
Knowing well, their base superstition would grieve,
The spirit of God, whom it reach'd.

And shall we presume, then, to step up the hill?
While practice solicits his frown;
Who, when Gabriel appears with stone from the
mill,
He will hurl it with fury down.

Remember the subject of Mount Calvary.
'Twas He, made atonement for you,
That all who are sinners might thus be made free,
Mark well, on the hill what ye do.

Now let us unite with the saints of the Lord,
Attend to his holy command;
Who will on the mountain a blessing afford,
He holdeth the hills in his hand.

Go ye forth in his name, and sing of his praise,
As he is the noble, I AM!
For ever and ever the ancient of days,
The lovely and beautiful Lamb.

That was slain on the mount, and purchas'd for
thee,
The good things of earth, and of heaven;

Yes, he gave himself up and died on the Tree,
That sinners might all be forgiven.

Then never pervert the good things he hath sent,
Nor climb up the hill for the Devil ;
For until that our strength and our money be
spent,
We seldom find out it's an evil.

THE BIRD IN HAND.

A boy once exclaim'd, when he'd caught a young thrush
One Bird in the hand is worth two in the bush ;
Then said to his mate, to-morrow you may
Have one in your hand, but I've got one to-day.
'Twill sing like a nightingale just on the wing,
Or lark as she mounts on the morning of spring ;
So sweet be the Mnsic, transported I rise,
With Sol in East, and attend to my prize.
My days' work begin then, and move on with pleasure
What I've got in my hand now, will augment my
treasure,
You can try if you like to catch with a snare,
A bird that will sing, or you may get a pair.

I'm contented with this, that I've got in my hand,
'T is better to me, far ! than houses or land.
Rejoicing I'll rise on the morn of each day,
And a tribute of praise to God I will pay.
Then thank the Redeemer, attesting his worth,
Who sent forth his Spirit, and caus'd the new birth !
Which boon I have got, and it aids me to sing,
In winter or summer, in autumn or spring.
And when all the seasons have passed away,
So sweetly I'll sing in the long-wish'd for day,
Now, now is the time then, to gain your Estate,
To-morrow, to-morrow's for ever too late ;
Mark well what is said now, concerning the thrush !
One bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

A LOVELY ADMONITION HOSEA.

Ephraim how shall I give thee up,
Tho' thou hast fed on wind ;
And by the Assyrians evil cup,
In covenant hath sin'd.

Israel how shall I make thee live ?
As Admah in the land !

And unto thee my blessing give,
Thus, make thee bold to stand.

Or set thee, as Zeboim high,
My heart is turn'd within;
I've mercy for thee, turn and fly,
From every darling sin.

The fearceness of mine anger now!
On thee I'll not employ;
Nor yet in wrath my vengeance show!
Israel I'll not destroy.

For I am God, and not as man!
My ways are ever pure;
I'm in the midst the holy one,
And will thy sickness cure.

Ephraim I will make to ride,
And Judah he shall plough!
The ground for seed, and so provide,
That wiser they may grow.

Yea! Jacob too, must now engage,
And he shall break the clods;
Then each shall have his separate wage,
Apart from heathen Gods.

Break up your fallow ground and sow,
The seed of righteousness;
Then mercy you shall reap and know.
'Twill keep you from distress.

High time it is to ask the Lord
His righteousness, to reign;
Attend the dictates of his word,
And all his truths maintain.

THE SIMILE.

In Spring, while Aurora proceeds on its way,
Sweet Zephyrs do fly, in this stage of the day;
But drop their lov'd breeze as December draws near,
The spring of Man's life is like that of the year.

The lark and the linnet put forth their sweet strains,
So lovely and loud while the summer remains;
But lower their notes as you quickly shall hear,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The songsters how handsome, with plumage so gay,
That glitter so bright in the sunshine of May;
Tho' dull is their plume as December draws near,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The tulip and lily, the cowslip and rose,
Our senses regale, when their beauties disclose ;
The whole of which fade, when the blast doth appear,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The lambkins so frisky, do skip o'er the green,
In the spring of the year, those beauties are seen ;
But hang down their heads as December draws near,
The winter of life, is like that of the year.

So we, in the spring-time of life are in glee,
We're ecclât and joyful, we're active and free ;
Tho', the frost of old age, will quickly be here,
Proving winter of life like that of the year.

While our spring time may last, and prospects look gay
Let us make the best use of the morning of day ;
For the keen pinching blast will shortly appear,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

These similes mark ! I have call'd forth to preach,
A sermon to all, who attend to their speech ;
For each have a tongue, and a voice sounding clear,
The seasons of life, are like those of the year.

Not a word from my lips need I to advance—
The subject brings Comfort your bliss to enhance ;
And weather you frown, you smile, or you sneer,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S SONG.

For money men will labour hard,
To make their daily bread ;
Tho' seldom get their due reward,
But moderately fed.

Some men do slave and plough the land,
While others plough the ocean ;
Tho' they who labour most by hand,
Oft get the smallest portion.

Remuneration is the thing,
In equity we need ;
T'will make the ploughman loudly sing,
'Tis on the land we feed!

By labour we are none the worse,
But better far than they ;
Who snugly keep their gold in purse,
And scarce the labourer pay.

I'm healthy, jolly, blythe, and fair,
And want for nothing now ;
As I enjoy the open air,
Attending to my plough.

Could all enjoy their labour well,
 With mind and body right ;
By day they'd have this tale to tell,
 They rest, and sleep at night.

The honey-bees of human cast,
 With spirit do engage ;
Oft mid the stern and piercing blast,
 To earn their pittance wage.

They've seldom more than daily bread,
 And clothing coarse, tho' plain ;
With broad brim'd hat, to screen their head,
 From heat, and drops of rain.

On such I've gazed with pitying eye !
 When flakes of snow, were falling ;
And ask'd myself the reason why,
 They cleave unto their calling.

The answer thus came home to me,
 And stopt my curious thought ;
These are much more from bondage free,
 Than those with finer coat.

To reconcile the matter here,
 I'd strive for satisfaction ;
The less we have, the less to fear,
 Of madning and distraction.

Attend ye jolly lads who labour,
To what I've got to say ;
If you have but a head thats sober.
Youv'e nought for it to pay.

Maintaining peace and true content,
You breathe the sweets of life ;
And tho' your time in labour's spent,
You've peace devoid of strife.

Now mark the sure testation thus !
' That wealth oft brings a snare ;
And those who make the greatest fuss,
Will get the smallest share.

A SOLILIQUEY.

What a warfare, Lord, is this
I'm engaged in here below ;
Fain I'd fly unto the bliss,
Where there never comes a foe.

Grant me resignation, Lord !
To obey thy blessed will,
Dexterously to use the sword,
Of thy spirit and be still.

Guard! conduct, and lead me on
Through life's course, and boist'rous sea,
Till the final conquest's won,
Bless'd to all eternity.

Wars, and tumults then are o'er!
Peace and comfort I shall find;
When my troubles are no more,
All life's ills are left behind.

Israel's armies safe shall be,
Far beyond the swelling tide;
Lovely, happy, filled with glee,
Seated by their Captain's side.

Where sweet harmony begins,
In full concert with the blest;
All who here the conquest wins,
There for ever are at rest!

THE MISER'S DECLARATION, AND THE POET'S ANSWER.

I don't incline to do much good,
Where interest is at stake;
My principle can't be withstood,
For other peoples sake.

I think and say the injur'd man,
 May sink or swim for me ;
I won't assist him; if I can,
 My interest's here you see!

A word from me might do a deal,
 To speak the thing that's true ;
I dont so much for others feel,
 As afterwards to rue.

I stick to self you now perceive,
 Self interest is the thing ;
My principle will not retrieve,
 The interest from the spring.

I 'wont my interest now let go,
 Or principle would cease ;
Then I'd be filled with bitter woe,
 And never could have peace.

Ah ! interest is the thing for me,
 I wouldn't be without it ;
It keeps my heart brimfull of glee,
 I think you can't dispute it !

This self I would'nt quit you know,
 For all the world can give ;
I care'nt what way my friends may go,
 So long as I can live.

My principle you see how good,
It is for me to hold ;
I drink, and eat the best of food,
And heap up loads of gold.

This principle you see I'm of,
So much allied to pelf ;
That if I've got a bit of love,
I spend it on myself.

Allow the bard to answer thee,
Thou selfish awkward man !
He cant with petty ways agree,
Or with thy selfish plan.

If he has got a little cake,
He cannot eat the same ;
Unless his friends with him partake,
He would not tell his name.

And if he lives he likes to see,
His neighbours live also ;
But if in poverty he be,
He knows no bitter woe !

This principle he strives to keep,
Where interest cant go wrong
Then from the whole he's sure to reap,
What does to him belong.

When interest springs from principle,
As it should always do ;
T'll mend thereby the capital,
The sum will ever grow.

When principle is acted on,
By practice carried out ;
The two are then so bound in one,
Separate they can't be bought.

Here the remora has no seat,
Of rest within his heart ;
Where interest is with sum complete,
It leaves no bitter smart.

What can the selfish say to this ?
Who live to self alone ;
And think they practice nought amiss,
With philosophic stone.

The principle he never had,
As such he strives in vain ;
To build on this foundation bad,
True riches to obtain.

Then leave the gross ideal block,
Deep sunk within the sand ;
And seek a fresh but noble stock,
To hold in either hand.

By which your sure to gain a sum,
To raise the superstructor ;
On this foundation all is plumb,
With principle conductor !

THE FAIR VALENTINE.

My dearest dear I do incline,
To visit thee to day ;
With this sweet lovely Valentine,
For which you now must pay.

The price of love is ever sweet,
So don't the same begrudge,
Or I shall oft the thing repeat ;
I cannot bear to trudge.

If love be thine, as it is mine,
And we in this agree,
So to accept each Valentine ;
And fill our hearts with glee.

That if we meet as sure we may,
To whisper pretty things ;

It must be in the morn of day,
When Phelomela sings.

Whose notes are charming, much like thine
Unequal'd harmony!
When thou receives this Valentine,
Pray answer it to me.

Thy sentiments express sublime,
And let thy language shine!
With brilliance to surpass the rhyme,
Of this sweet Valentine.

AN ANSWER TO THE FAIR VALENTINE.

Your Valentine I did receive,
But had to borrow money;
To loose the same which did me grieve,
Embittering sweetest honey.

If you at start had not a penny,
To pay the postage pre;
Where do you think I get the money,
To pay the double fee.

Economy I much admire,
Fulfilling what is right ;
And equity will not require,
A double charge at sight.

I'm sorry I have you to tutor,
Before we link together !
Now if you wish to be my suitor,
Pray come in finer weather !

Harsh winds, and stormy blasts may blow,
And pelt our humble cottage ;
Extravagance is apt to grow,
Marring the best of potage.

Now think young man, your subject bring,
And let the day be fine !
That birds may sing, and bells may ring,
To crown this Valentine.

BUSINESS AND INDEPENDENCE.

The man who has within few years,
A competency made !
Will never mind the smiles or sneers
Of those who still parade.

Though long before that time, he had
An independent mind ;
Which could'nt bear, when but a lad,
The crouch of human kind.

Though now he sees 'tis good in trade,
And policy to bend ;
But never till your shoes are made,
Do you attempt to lend.

One thing the tradesman has to learn,
If he would gain esteem,
Pay strict attention to his turn,
And use the best of cream !

Folks have a right to be oblig'd,
Who're paying you their money ;
And do expect you are engag'd
To tender sweetest honey.

And spread its odour all around—
The moral atmosphere ;
You then shall have your labour crown'd
Through each succeeding year.

Civility mankind expect,
From all the human race ;
And not the meanest one neglect,
Or else they're out of place.

Yea more than this, we must advance,
 Pay tribute where 'tis due ;
 Those who their fortunes thus enhance,
 Shall not have cause to rue.

The man who loves himself the best !
 This maxim let him use ;
 And put the moral to the test,
 He'll not himself abuse.

The generous kind, will well observe,
 His decent good behaviour ;
 Now these are sure to strain a nerve,
 And bless him with their favour.

A GOOD POINT.

Stern winter's blast may pierce the frame
 Of man, who feels the pinching smart,
 Nor dare he now attribute blame
 Unto his Author, from his heart.
 Consider, such essential are—
 To mellow and prepare the soil,
 For seasons which are better far
 Than spending all our life in toil.
 There is a point for Nature's rest,
 Then, she reclines in sweet repose.

And in this season builds her nest
For what, the spring will now disclose.
Here sweet salubrious fumes arise !
From natures bed, in beauty dres't,
There all her springs do harmonize,
In him, for whom they are cares't.
Now comes the blue ethereal sky,
So pleasing and serene, behold
The brilliancy of Sol on high !
More precious far than purest gold.
Maturing fruits for man t' enjoy.
For man, I say, ungrateful man !
Who does himself the most annoy
By that which makes him look so wan.
Then autumn comes and fills his lap,
With stores abundant for his use,
Who now enjoys the pleasing cup,
A boon of tribute can't refuse.
Behold him bending with his load
Of good things, from the hand of him
Who every blessing doth afford,
To those who rightly ask for them.
Such do reserve for time of need,
That when stern winters blast may blow,
These have secure whereon to feed,
Amid the bleaks, with lustre glow !
This points a preparation, we—
Must have, for body, and for mind,
Wherewith accomplish'd, you agree,
We can't a better subject find.

THE VOICE OF PORT WILLIAM.

VICTORIA—OR REDCAR HARBOUR.

Port William is my name, my station—

I hold on Northern Coast,

Without one near or own'd relation,

My worth was well-nigh lost.

Till Brooks, an enterprising man

Engag'd with life and spirit,

And laid with accuracy the plan

To find what I inherit.

He then set out in search of me,

Knowing my foot was firm!

Substantial rock on land, and sea,

And proof, 'gainst every storm.

Now, if my base, or foot be strong!

This one thing I am sure;

Humanity wont tarry long,

Till all is made secure.

That those of Maritime profession,

A safety harbour have;

I grant them now a free possession,

T' evade a watery grave.

Amid the ocean's boisterous rage
Or mighty billows foam ;
Am I so bold thus to engage,
To make you safe at home.

On Redcar's shore I nobly stand !
With outstretch'd arms for you ;
So loudly calling, lend your hand !
'Tis all you have to do.

Here am I cleft to take you in,
And proof against the world ;
Then move along, your harbour win,
The banner is unfurl'd !

Thus, ever since the world began !
I've stood so firm and sure ;
And grown up for the use of man,
A harbour, quite secure.

Near twenty feet of water here—
I hold at lowest tide ;
Then lend assistance, never fear,
Our Captain did provide.

Stretch out your hands ye noble minds,
Port William claims your aid !
I trust our Queen ! and Prince inclines
To help foundation laid.

Such have their work with us to do,
But all must pull together!
As Sailors when the waters flow
Unite in stormy weather.

A crown, with robes, and diadem!
Obtain'd in honour bright,
Are justly claim'd, and due to them—
Who philanthropic fight.

My meaning here is known to all—
Who love their fellow man,
Such will obey Port Williams' call
And do the best they can.

To rescue Sailors from a grave!
Not doom'd by Natures God,
While man has means self-life to save,
Attend this signal nod.

Where life-boats cannot here succeed,
Port William surely can,
Thus by its founder, help in need,
When man helps fellow man.

Thousands! and millions! have we spent,
To gratify the sense,
Or in some useless thing have lent,
Money, nor spar'd expense.

Pary use good things not to abuse
The same in mercy given.
Then He! who gave, will not refuse—
The safest harbour,—Heaven!

Mark! they who will not use the means!
Can ne'er obtain the end,
On them an awful weight remains!
Who won't to mercy bend.

AN INTRUDER OF MIDDLESBRO.

A man of body, not of mind,
Attempted to set forth—
Himself, to prove all human kind,
Like him, was little worth.

(A Holy-Oak) he call'd himself,
The name is out of place;
Tho' ought but holy, (kindred elf)
Would suit his brazen face.

Whose language, I may justly use,
To prove his want of sense.

His sentiments we do refuse,
With all their vague pretence.

The being of a God he says,
Is what he can't believe!
To nature he his tribute pays!
Which cannot him deceive.

As nature doth her motive urge—
To ought he fancies best;
The impress leaves him on the verge,
Of happiness or rest.

One thing is sure, the man is blind!
Or cannot see things straight,
Preferring darkness in the mind,
Or evanescent light.

He who deny's God doth exist!
One designates a fool!
The Devil holds him in his fist,
To use him for his tool.

This truth's so plain that all may see,
Another's plainer still!
If ought exists, it must be he,
Who made us at his will.

A God supreme, let all admit,
Or be resigned to dwell;
Forever in the burning pit,
Thus designated (Hell.)

Tho' God alone without his son,
Is a consuming fire!
But for whose merits we're undone,
To bear vindictive ire.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

A SOLILOQUY.

How needful is it Lord that I
Should lay work at seasons by,
Recruiting soul and body,
Experience teaches me that man,
Requires the same by natures' plan,
To fit him more for study.

While hampering on from day to day,
Our mental powers might dormant lay,
Or useful never be.

Tho' when at will by reason led,
In active mood the mind is fed,
So palatably free.

And then the recreation's sweet,
Perchancing on the march to meet,
The same with lasting pleasure.
Obtaining what all wish to find,
The healthful body, peaceful mind,
A sweet luxuriant treasure.

Farmers their land in fallow lay,
To bear the winters stormy day,
Or summers burning heat ;
Thereby obnoxious weeds destroy,
Then are they likely to enjoy
The fruits of labour sweet.

And now his heart will dance to see,
The labour of his hands to be
Crown'd with a fruitful year.
'Mid plenty he may sit and sing
Loud praises to his God and King!
With humble heart sincere.

So I, amid the storms that rise !—
To dim my summer's brighter skies
Rejoice the harvest's near.

That will repay me for my toil,
Amongst the fine luxuriant soil
Where fruit may soon appear.

The vine so fair with clusters hung !
Delights my heart to see them strung !
And all now fit for use.
Partake ye then in active life,
The man, his children, and his wife,
Feed on delicious juice.

Till Christ shall gather in his flock,
A noble, and a lovely stock,
The whole of Abraham's seed.
We in that day, with hearts of glee ;
Shall then the God of Israel see !
Once smitten with the reed.

But now, the sceptre he shall sway !
And reign in everlasting day,
Jesus ! the king supreme.
Where saints (his church) shall boldly stand,
With robes of righteousness so grand,
In splendour and esteem !

Then for the last triumphant song !
To sound amid the countless throng !
Who safely landed are !

Ten thousand tones the concave swell !
Beyond the bounds of earth and hell,
Led by the morning star !

The planetudinarian's mind !
Shall then engaged be to find
The heights, and depths of love.
Then he shall sing a treble chord
High seated by his Royal Lord !
In brilliant realms above !

Where all the sons of God rejoice !
To hear the lovely bridegroom's voice !
This favorite note to raise ;—
To Him, who wash't us in his blood !
And seal'd us kings and priests to God.
Be everlasting praise.

NATURE'S PROOF THERE IS A GOD.

To attempt to prove there is a God !
A useless thing would be ;
The path I never saw or trod,
That dont prove that to me.

The noble Oak, the Shrub and plant,
Alike display his power ;
And every comfort mortals want,
Springs in the fairest flower!*

The grove, the vine, and fruitful trees,
Bespeak their maker God !
The voice that whispers in the breeze,
Is but his silent nod.

The towering hills romantic stand !
While valleys lay between ;
These prove the work of his own hand,
In every thing he's seen !

The mighty ocean heaving high !
The foaming billows' surge,
Those several parts of Nature cry!—
We all from God emerge.

The summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Alternate as they move,
Bespeak their Author is a King !
With power Supreme, and love.

Seed-time and harvest, day and night !
These, each revolving, state
Their Author's wisdom ! and foresight :
All do, his signal wait.

* Christ.

The sun, the moon, the brilliant stars!
Move in their several spheres;
And have, amid tumultuous wars,
Kept order, many years.

Planets, revolving round the sun,
Magnificently grand!
In silence, speak! this work is done,
By an Almighty hand.

Omnipotence alone could form,
Millions of worlds on high!
Tho' man, a poor conceited worm,
Would Israel's God defy.

Be still, and know that I am God,
Said He, who hath all power!
And on him, who denies the word,
My vengeance I will shower.

SUSPICION OF THE AUTHOR:

COMPOSED ON THE SPOT, Sep. 24th, 1850

While in a sober honest mood,
I like to canvass round;
With something worthy clothes, and food,
But nought that is unsound.

To Sowby-bridge* I straightway went,
Striving to sell my book ;
Then up the hill my steps I bent,
Close to the village nook.

While gazing round, with wistful eye !
Two gents were in a field ;
With tool in hand, were going to try,
How 'tato crops would yield.

This beautiful spot, mountainous bound,
And pleasant in the vale !
With lovely walks, and fertile ground,
Gives lustre to my tale.

While on the hill, where fruit was ripe,
And things look'd fair and bonny ;
There stood the master with his gripe !
Who look'd surprising funny.

Then I, of course, gave him a nod,
He quickly did retort ;
The ground with caution now was trod,
His patronage I sought.

Suspicion rose within his breast,
That I was playing tricks ;
So now he'd put me to the test,
And fast, the trickier fix.

* A village in the west of Yorkshire.

Good nature and good feeling 'rose
So manifest in each ;
He said, some verses now compose,
And let us read your speech. ,

A stranger I to them, of course,
And they to me the same ;
Neither would credit me by force,
Nor could I either blame.

Now, promptly did I acquiesce,
They found pen, ink, and paper ;
Thinking they couldn't well do less,
To see the Poet's caper.

The lines above, are what I wrote,
Nor were they wrote in vain ;
Or did I spend my time for nought,
Their patronage—my gain.

So satisf'd were they, with what
They little thought to see ;
A proof so ready, mov'd the hat !
And well rewarded me.

Two gems they got, and comfort more,
The which I'm writing now,
Was ordered, to increase their store,
We parted with a bow.

This is the way to test the thing,
And prove that Wright is right !
The subject to a focus bring,
And guard against a bite.

Cutaneous smart, hereby avoid,
And manage all so clever ;
Suspicion in the mind's destroy'd !
We live, and love for ever.

THE POET ON SHEFFIELD MOUNT.

On Sheffield mount a poet lives,
By some of high repute,
Parnassus streams he freely gives !
And wine as it may suit.

One day I went to see the bard !
Along with Mr. Taylor,
Who watch't the poet very hard,
Thinking t'would be a failer.

Th' respected poet, I had not,
For twenty years seen,

So I repair'd unto the spot,
In front of Sheffield green.

When friend and I had climb'd the hill,
We to his mansion came,
And to him read the 'Poets will,'
Where I, 'Montgomery' name.

A copy of the same he took,
So much oblig'd was he,
Before I handed him the book,
A glass he handed me.

Contents of which no doubt he thought,
I'd soon make disappear,
Not knowing I'd a battle fought
With wine, as well as beer.

Said he, 'come Wright, partake of this,
Accept a glass of wine,
Be sure I tender nought amiss,
This is so sweet and fine.'

'Thank you, kind sir, I must decline
Your favour in the glass,
Who offer such with 'auld lang syne,'
I always let them pass.'

'Perhaps,' quoth he 'your friend will take
The wine I here present?'
'Oh yes,' said he, 'I won't forsake
The glass with good intent,—

Montgomery!—sir,—your health I drink,
And Wright,—come, here's to you;
A lucky chance we came, I think,
For what you can't, I do.

A pity t'would have been you know—
To disoblige the bard!
His compliments might cooler grow:
By meeting such reward.

I take a glass, when I can get—
The same, so snug and free,
I won't allow you to be bet,
While you're along with me.

T. Taylor is my name, you know
I live in Harvest lane,
And when you do incline to go!
I'll go with you again.'

LEGISLATION AND THE BLAST FURNACE.

All God's commandments we admit,
Are holy, just and true,
Nor should we sew, or spin, or knit,
One full day in a few.

The seventh is the Sabbath of—
The Lord thy God, so good,
He hath ordain'd the same in love,
And seal'd it with his blood.

That man should this day holy keep ;
Nor desecrate the same—
By labour, neither sow, nor reap,
In honour of his name.

Who hath appointed full six days
Wherein to gather food,
And he who God's command obeys !
Shall nothing lack, that's good.

Tho' some I see, who do contend
The sabbath is their own.
And will the same in labour spend,
To have their furnace blown !

Say they, 'we have a license got
From government you see,
So we can keep refining pot,
As hot, as hot can be.'

Pray tell me who God licens'd thus?
And when, and where's the word?
Which legalizes man to cross—
The dictates of his God.

Ah! daring man, who would presume
To thwart Omnipotence,
And throw aside the best costume
Not knowing the expense.

Why, dread ye not the flames of hell?
Which are reserv'd for those!
Who will not hear the warning bell,
And God's command oppose.

A furnace heated there shall be,
Blown by the blast of heaven!
From which, who won't on earth be free,
Can never be forgiven.

And those shall burn, as God declares,
In liquid flames for ever!
Who'er guilty, vengeance never spares!
Tho' legislators clever.

AN UNIVERSAL ANTHEM.

Come all the world, and I will tell—

What Christ hath done for me !

Truly assert, that all is well,

For I, have eyes to see !

When in a dark, and gloomy state,

Occasion'd by the fall,

The spark within shew'd mercy's gate.

I did for mercy call.

Fast bound, with iron fetters on,

And lash'd with sorry stroke,

But presently the smart was gone,

And all my fetters broke.

The same was needful, as our foe—

Had instigated sin,

Old Satan struck the desperate blow,

When time did first begin.

The wound thereby did monstrous swell !

A set-fast in it grew !

Till Christ, the monster bound in hell,

And form'd my soul anew.

Then all the in-bred evil train
Fell back, to its own source,
And there I trust it will remain
No more to change its course.

The monster of iniquity
Can never rise to fame,
Tho' he would claim ubiquity,
He do'nt deserve the name.

The sun of righteousness hath shone !
On Adam's fallen race,
And Abram saw the lovely morn !
Shining in Gospel grace.

The day, in its progressive move,
Is ripening now the fruit,
And we shall see a world in love !
When Christ, hath gain'd his suit.

The time is promis'd and must be
That to the ends of earth !
All nations shall his glory see,
As brightness to go forth.

'The black, the white, the bond, the free,
Each heart shall be imbu'd
With what will make the world agree
When all shall be renew'd—

In righteousness, and holiness,
Each face so brilliant shine !
No mark be left to note distress,
But all in one combine.

To sound the praise of Christ their king !
In universal reign,
Then all, shall this new anthem sing.—
The world is born again !

COURTSHIP, MATRIMONY & ALL THE REST.

One summers evening as I mov'd,
Along the pleasing vale ;
Together with her, whom I lov'd,
Each told their lovely tale.

The subject of discourse I'll tell,
'Twas nothing far amiss ;
Only to know each other well,
And so enhance their bliss.

The brilliant sun had run its course,
Fair twilight doth appear ;
We trace our object to its source,
To know what brought us here.

Then sat we down in love's embrace,
The sweet retorts were pure ;
While striving in the lovely case,
A promise to secure.

Tho' neither dar'd to instigate,
Nor move the question free !
Alone I'm left to agitate,
The matter rests with me.

How tardy mov'd the cautious lip,
Each tongue was nearly mute ;
Afraid that they a word should slip,
To mar, or lose their suit.

Behold ! a virgin pair are met,
No vicious mark between ;
To cause in 'after-life regret,
Or umbrage low and mean.

The bargain's struck without a word,
To counterpoise the mind !
No jarring string can now be heard,
From those in love combin'd.

Each have within their bosom hid,
What prudence has conceal'd ;
Until the challenge to forbid,
Is made, then all's reveal'd !

Now off to Kirk, the knot is tied,
Straight home they linked move ;
For he has got his lovely bride,
And she her dearest love.

Their prestine home no longer known,
This, both must now forsake ;
And learn to recognize their own,
Then strive to make their cake.

They set their hands to work anon,
To plan and so contrive ;
Before the youth of day be gone,
To keep their age alive.

There's meal, and milk, and butter too,
With other useful stuff ;
But no luxuriant tunic show,
Only provide enough.

Her needle now so quickly goes,
And he with spirit moves ;
She makes and mends their under clothes,
He works for whom he loves.

Their youth so naturely may be,
With fecundity blest ;
As such was issu'd full and free,
When man got his behest.

Then nurture and admonish too,
The charge so freely given;
That each and all may lovely grow,
And so prepare for heaven.

Thrice happy he, whose quiver's full!
He cannot have too many;
This band in love together pull,
And make the honest penny.

CASTILLO'S FINAL EXIT.

Ah! Castillo,—thou'rt gone we know,
But whither, none can tell;
Death struck the blow, then didst thou go,
To live where all fares well?
I do believe thou didst receive,
And now enjoys the same,
The whole of which, Christ did retrieve,
And more than I can name!
I'll sing the song, with thee ee'r long,
Of Moses and the Lamb,
And mix among, the angelic throng,
To praise the great I AM.
Whose time I'll wait, in present state
And tune my music string,
Be it soon or late, I'll not abate
My zeal, for Christ my king.

THE BEAUTY OF CLEVELAND.

AND A RAILWAY TO GUISBRO'!

The riches of Cleveland do now issue forth,
And her romantic hills, are now proving their worth;
Our beautiful town, in the vale was conceal'd,
Like the cave of Demosthenes, tho' now is reveal'd!
So sung the secluded inhabitants where,
Surrounded with walks, mid salubrious air,
Our spring wood so verdant, and Highcliff so bold,
The owner of which, will not have them be sold.
Tho' Chaloner's heart philanthropic and free,
Has granted permission a railway to be—
Through his rich domains, where in crossing Love lane,
A few passes on, you will Paradise gain.
The splendour of which, I have told you before,
That in process of time, you should witness the store.
The same doth appear, in the mountains around.
And in this present year, the presage is found!
South side of Guisbro', the grand station's to be,
From whence you have prospect, by land or by sea.
Where the ships are in view, that traverse the main,
And you see them return, their port for to gain.
As time is advancing, our prospects are grand!
Then all lend assistance, but join hand in hand.
For each have a portion, and that is to use,
To benefit man! let us never refuse.

You discern the broad hint, I have cast upon all,—
To protect those in want, from a slip or a fall;
And they who may think, not a friend they shall need,
Are the nearest a slip, unless they take heed.
My meaning is this,—now employ what you have,
Before a cross step, slip you into the grave,
Where devices, and knowledge, nor wisdom is found,
These all are obtain'd alone above ground.
The more anxious you seek, the more you shall find
Of subjects to benefit body and mind;
We'r thus closely link't, in our passage through life—
In woe, or in weal, like as a man and his wife.
Societies joining, form links of the chain,
Which bears the full weight, to secure their gain;
We have strength then in unity, all do admit,
The more you observe it, the closer you'll knit!
I speak as a friend, who would wish you do well,
And assist in the same, by the story I tell.
But return to the subject, and let us find out,
What all this lengthen'd discourse is about,—
'Tis this,—that for ages we've liv'd in a dale
Where winds, and cross tempests, could never prevail!
And in prospect of bliss, permitted to reign:
While looking for this, a fresh era is seen,—
Which will gladden your heart's, tho' I prognosticate
In the midst of the same, God bless your estate,
The curses of man here, shall no more prevail
They've sadly too long fill'd the top-gallant sail!

From this time henceforward, a thriving you'll be,
And they who live longest, perfection may see.
The God of old Adam, hath shewn us his power !
And pledg'd himself surety, this very hour ;
This—this is the day, wherein brightness appears !
To dispel our darkness, our doubts and our fears,
The vile curse is ended, our Lords may unite,—
In concert with those, who love and act right !
Don't let us presume to despair of the thing,
But pay homage due, unto Israel's king.
If in climbing the mount, its summit you reach,
In the sequel you'll find, the lesson I'd teach,
Keep a watch, or a guard, that pride don't step in,
Or you soar from the vale, to a mountain of sin ;
Be careful who rise to the top of the tree,
And learn to be wise by the subject you see ;
For if the winds blow, and the tree give a shake
You fall from the summit, and sink in the lake.
Now in faith travel on, so active and free,
In ev'ry good project, we'll always agree ;
My friends here at Guisbro', assist me to sing—
The philanthropic song, that comfort shall bring !
Then joyfully move, to the mount or the vale,
While sweet, lovely breezes, our senses regale,
Locomotives in flight now, shall brighten the eye,
And nought in the world then, can Cleveland outvie !
Tis seen just at hand, that your prospect is fair

I'm glad to announce, you may each have a share,
In my travels I see, noble heads in a fuss
Then why cannot we, have a fine omnibus!
To ride in, and not to go limping along—
Like a dog that is lame, or a discordant song.
Then our canny old folks, who have never gone far,
May take a trip up, to see Britain's fair star!*

And the large population, in London who dwell,
So when they return, what a story they'll tell!
About Dukes, Lords, and Knights, fine Ladies and that,
As they rode in the carriage they could'nt see what!
For they flew as they went, having pop't in and out,
Says Roger to Ben,—'this is London no doubt!
I wouldn't believe man, now once in my day
Without horses and carts we could travel away!
Archimedian touch, or lever in hand,
With head full of wit, have the world at command!
'How astonishing this,' says our Guisbro' gray!
'That here now at home, we should have a railway!
The wealth of our hills, and our valleys proclaim,
The beauty of Cleveland, and honour its name!

* Queen Victoria.

THE PITCH-FORK.

While on the ground where engines work,
In Middlesbro' you'll see ;
There rose a subject, or pitch-fork !
Thus handled by me.

The sober work-men, acted well,
In their appointed place ;
Tho' here, I may with sorrow tell,
Were drunkards in disgrace.

One pounc'd with such affected glee,
As he was call'd a clerk !
Tho' with himself could not agree,
For single Dogs, will bark.

He cholous, came to me and said,
Who legalized you here ?
You must have got a busy head,
Or drank a vast of beer.

I answer'd Vaughan, and Bolekow did,
The masters whom ye serve ;
I hope you will not me forbid !
Or yet relax my nerve.

You lie, you rascal move along,
I will not have you here !
You wrote a book, and in your song,—
Abuse my good strong beer.

You lay my traffic out so bare,
Your books are nought but lies ;
You get them up a fine spun air !
By which your tune to rise.

Now move along or I will kick,
The Cleveland Poet's rump.
Or I shall use my master's stick,
And make you dance or jump.

Is a thought to the jaundis'd eye,
All yellow doth appear ;
He must have turn'd his head awry,
By drinking too much beer!

As such, he cannot see things straight,
His senses are lock't up ;
The glimmer of the sun so bright,—
He'd snatch, and try to sup.

Enrag'd, he stands with fist to fell,
The shadow of himself !
A tribe he sees, then dooms to hell,
The foremost kindred elf.

I stood hard by, and saw him rage!

His breath pernicious flam'd!

That nought but water could assuage,

The element I've nam'd.

The person whom I mention in,

The sequel of my tale;

Sells brandy, whiskey, rum and gin!

And kegs of beer and ale!

This man is tall, and lank or thin,

And often does get tipsy;

His tongue betrays him dark within,

Much more so than a gipsy.

A bousy corpulence came next,

So punchy scarce could roll!

Presenting me a woeful text,

'Big body, and wee soul!

A proof of which I will attest,

He curs'd and swore amain!

To all society a pest,

With small or madden'd brain.

If ever he had more I guess,

Contracted is his store;

The more he drinks, the mind is less,

Than ever 'twas before.

The faculties of mind are such,
By use will so expand !
And towering rise, without a crutch,
Or staff in either hand.

I dont speak in disparagement,
Of mind, which God hath given ;
For 'twas his own, and sure intent,
That each should reign in heaven.

I would with purpose deprecate,
Abuse of precious store ;
By which we mar our present state,
And fix a lasting sore.

Let me advise man for his good,
And never dare to touch ;
The thing that's worse than poisonous food,
Alcoholic drink is such !

T'll lessen all the powers of mind,
So capable of bliss !
And cast man's benefit behind,
Yea, heaven itself he'll miss !

Then where's the man, Ah ! where is he,
Who play'd this part on earth ;
He's lost to all eternity,
The soul, what is its worth ?

GENTLE CORRECTION OF SOME UNCULTI-
VATED PETTY-FOGGING GENTLEMEN!

BY A FEW OF THEIR VERY BEST FRIENDS.

GISBRO', 1852.

Such work we have in this our day!
Amongst a certain class,
Who throw all righteousness away,
And worship Gods of brass.

Or gold, and silver, as I mean,
You'll see their plan just now,
At school with Grypus they have been;
And unto mammon bow.

One plac'd himself in Guisbro' Town!
Some name him Wedge, or Trover,
He chang'd his face, from smile to frown,
Thinking to feed on clover.

But Guisbro' folk's are not such fools—
To take up with a Drover!
They will not have such mimic tools.
Nor can he, them get over.

Much to their credit I may say,
Good principle maintain ;
They like to work while it is day !
Their project for to gain.

The subject here, I have in hand,—
To which submit to bend,
The moral you shall understand—
Before I reach the end.

Much pain'd I feel, for to expose—
A pettifogging clan,
'Tho' when they're sick, they need a dose ;
I like an honest man !

Mark ! one with sinister intention—
Decoy'd his lord and master,
And by the scheme of base invention—
Propos'd a healing plaster.

Guisbro', was never us'd to such—
Law, upstart, mongrel stuff.
With these invectives, one light touch
We find, is quite enough !

For if they get a leg in once,
They'll try to shove the body !
Afraid they'll get no other chance,
As roguery is their study.

The world will soon be rid of these,
No pleasure they have got,
And tho' they strive themselves to please,
They go! with fire and shot.

Who doom at once by their own deed
Themselves, in deeds for others,
While justice they profess to read,
Do rob their very brother's.

We won't allow this mongrel race
To mar our native beauty,
Such crocodile's in mimic grace
To discard is your duty.

He placed himself 'mid gentlemen
Of high respect, and birth,
Whose acts of legislative ken,
Have prov'd their sterling worth.

An action here the Trover wants!
To wedge up our estate,
Behold him now! he foams, and pants,
When he is found too late.

Away with wedger! drive him out,
And let him seek a place,
Or sit and sew a piece of clout
To wipe off his disgrace.

This is'nt all! some more I'll mention
Of his fraternity,
As now it is my just intention
To show the lawyer's fee.

Wev'e felt Ill-Weather, Weather-Ill
As bad as need to be,
For when he puts folk through his drill,
He charges double fee.

And this is t'way they get their bread,
Who'r limbs so big at law,
Wills they can make! when folks are dead!
And write, (they said it so.)

At Yarm, surely a Foe doth sit
Beside the magistrate,
There ho can sew, and spin, and knit!
Most awful to relate.

And one at Darlington there is,
Smart as a Peacock's feather,
Who cannot look with honest phiz,
On me, and mine together.

Let this suffice, the truth I've spoke,
Tho' harsh it be, 'tis just!
For when I write, I seldom joke,
I'll not betray my trust.

Those who dispute what I have said,
 I here invite to me,
 No doubt my works you've often read
 Throughout, in equity.

The woe pronounc'd is valid yet,
 On, the lawyer's who will
 The Orphan and the Widow fret,
 These scripture truth's fulfil.

In this fraternity you must
 Have mercy on yourselve's !
 Most of your deeds are quite unjust
 As Satan and his elves.

Do try to mind your deeds, and then!
 Legitimate you'll prove
 By deeds, or better actions, when
 Judg'd by your God above.

Hark here! he then pops in to tell
 Our esquire, that all was wrong,
 But we don't want the tinkling bell,
 Or his discordant song.

A Gent of 'Honor,' (Mr. Small)
 Says, 'put the booby out!
 For litigation we've no call,
 Thou's just a thing of nought.

We've got some men of sense to guard,
And right conduct the plan,
Who ask no fee, nor yet reward,
They act their part as man.

We've nought but friends, and kindred here!
Who so determin'd are,
A railway, we shall have this year,
Guisbro' must be a star!

To shine in ages yet to come,
And grace posterity!
Hereby they'll see we've been at home
To train our progeny.

Ye men of sense go forward now,
The locomotive urge,
And never scrape with mimic bow
To fulmination's surge.

Our noblemen are so endow'd
With judgment and with sense,
Much labour on us they've bestow'd
We can't with them dispense.

Now let this subject take effect,
Ye lawyer's mind your eye!
As you may find your own defect,
And prove it by and by.

What wrongs you may have done to me,
 I freely all forgive !
 But, exercise your eyes to see,
 And let your neighbour's live.

NAMES IN TOTO.

Names oft are very curious set,
 And providentially so ;
 That those who wish, may not be bet,
 To guard against a foe.

All vice attack, my worthy scribe,
 And virtue ! speak aloud ;
 For she will never take a bribe,
 Or truth, hide in a shroud.

Those who discern themselves in this,
 Ought not to be offended ;
 For if their deed were not amiss,
 I never should have penn'd it.

Beware ye monstrous limbs at law,
An awful curse remains !
On those who practice so, and so,
To get their petty gains.

Whereby upon themselves they draw,
The vengeance of a GOD !
Who can't his just decrees forgo.
Or spare his pending rod.

I'll-weather bought a book of me,
For which he ne'er would pay ;
Perhaps he wants a Lawyer's fee !
To help him on his way.

Some scores of pounds I've paid the man,
Double and treble fold ;
But now lets watch these while we can,
Do'nt come within their mould,

No other motive have I here
Than this, well understood,
And wish you with a heart sincere
To eat, sound, honest food.

AN INUENDO.

Our Magistrate's I ever hold,
With high respect indeed !
But cannot countenance those bold,—
Low pettifogging breed!

Who place themselves by gentlemen,
And shew their brazen face;
Then scribble with a mimic pen,
And oft decide the case.

Let those in power but exercise,
Their own most legal right;
We should'nt need those would-be-wise,
To darken council bright.

Tho' you are men, and we the same,
Distinctions there must be;
True wisdom, won't approve the game
That's not in equity.

Such keep their eye upon your wealth,
Admire your dog, and horse!
And drink to you the best of health,
While fingering your purse.

Pray keep aloof from parley laws,
As much as ee'r you can,
For sure they will bring in a clause,
To spoil an honest man.

MORAL

Both law and justice you may have,
A small piece for a penny;
But if you do for justice crave,
Its seldom you get any.

PICTURE OF A SHIPWRECK.

ALL LOST, AND ALL SAVED!!

Wide spread on the ocean we travel away,
Tho' all did in unity start,
As veins in the body diffused may lay,
Adherence is close to the heart.

While each in the system, have work to perform,
Be it large, or small the degree,
All are subject in time, to calm and to storm
As vessels that sail on the sea.

On our journey cross winds will drive us apart,
Or throw us far back in the rear,
High billows may roll, and waves run athwart,
Yet, having the compass we steer.

Some have rose with high flow, while thus speeding
well,
'Till a tempest sprung up in the front.
When behold! what a change, the gallant-mast fell!
And the ship taking fire, was burn't;

To a piece of the wreck, each man made his way,
Then clung to his slender resort,
Contrasting the present, with that happy day,
When the vessel was safe in the port.

But now the reverse,—her limbs are dissever'd,
Her body is nought but a wreck.
Nor is there a chance that we be deliver'd,
Our hearts feel acutely the shock!

Far away from all aid, tho' thousands there be
Who might if they could, give assistance.
But we are alone, on the wide spreading sea,
Our friends now are all at a distance.

With faltering heart, we each cling to the wood,
And fain would a benefit crave,
Ere' we by the tempest, o'erwhelm in the flood,
And sink in a watery grave.

While looking around, on the billows that rise,
With voice so tremendously harsh,
Methinks that these mountains all effort defies,
And yawns at me, every lash!

But the uplifted heart, now apply's to the source,
Which gave to the ocean its power;
Yea, the wind and the tide, each one in their course.
Are held in his fist, so secure.

Thus on the wide sea, when Peter was sinking!
For want of the faith that was needed;
The trial of which, on the border was blinking,
When hope in the same was succeeded.

But courage and faith, with affiance in God,
Will ever protect us from harm;
When we in a storm can rely on his word!
He instantly speaks it a calm.

Tho' this be the case, that the body may perish,
The mind cannot go to decay!
If in the mid while, its virtues we cherish,
'Twill out-shine, the sun at mid-day!

How splendid the thought is, when ought seems amiss,
And crosses so mountainous rise;
They all shall contribute enhancement of bliss,
The heavier, the greater the prize!

Here, all start at one point, and spread in the march,
As we move on the ocean of time!
Tho' often we meet, and contend in the search
Of bliss, in yon thrice happy clime!

St. Paul nobly states, what he gain'd counted loss!
And all that he lost, counted gain!
The silver and gold, and the rubies are dross,
Compared with what does remain.

The soul is the gem, in the casket below!
If it be imbued with love,
In confidence here, he does now feel and know,
That he shall enjoy them above.

Be assur'd of this then, that body and mind,
Both again united shall be!
Tho' much we may lose, more than all we shall find,
When landed beyond the wide sea!

THE WINTER'S NIGHT AMUSEMENT.

One winter's night when snow was falling,
I well remember yet;
We'd no discordant noise or bawling,
Secure from cold and wet.

Tho' winds were whistling loud without,
We'd harmony within ;
Each body healthy, blythe, and stout,
House, tidy as a pin.

The inmates all were snug and cozy,
While mother sang with pleasure ;
Amid her offspring gay and rosy,
Father enjoy'd his treasure.

William, Richard, and your honour,
Each tun'd their instrument ;
And then struck up a noble sonor,
The subject was 'CONTENT !'

With melody each heart rebounded,
While vocal strains vibrate !
And mother's voice with echo sounded,
Sweet home ! thrice happy state.

Here's sister Mary, Hannah, Ann,
Each did the song repeat,
As all in one with pleasure can,
When Comfort is complete.

Methinks this state should always last,
Or something better far !
When time, and winter nights are past,
Beyond the polar star !

Here father paus'd to moralize—
On this delightful scene;
And thus instructed us to rise!
Above things low and mean.

Aspire to better company!
Than you can find below,
To join in sweetest symphony,
Where every part you know.

Here circumstances may divide,
Each, from each lov'd embrace,
Where oft the current, wind, and tide,
Leaves life without a trace.

One passage to fair Canaan's port!
There is, which all may gain!
And none through Christ who truly sought,
Did ever seek in vain.

THE PRINCIPAL OF COMFORT.

There is some Comfort in an honest heart,
But more by far when virtue guides the will!
Increasing still as we from sin depart,
And more when God's commandments we fulfil.

Comfort there is, when all our acts portend !
Thus to e i it confidence, we can,
With no reward induc'd our manners mend,
Then yield implicit, for the weal of man.

There's Comfort in the truth made known,
Without duplicity, or motive mean ;
Although revenge, and hatred may be shown,
By those who issue forth their native spleen.

Comfort ! we find in every stage of life,
By one grand motto, and unerring guide ;
To seek the weal of man, devoid of strife !
And for his wants in everything provide.

Comfort ! there is, within the humble cot,
Of those imbu'd with principal as he ;
Whose eye Omniscient, cast their happy lot !
And Comfort gives to all in unity.

Love, is the spring of Comfort, in the breast—
Of those who do the gracious boon retain ;
And wear conspicuous The Royal Crest,
Then every Comfort through the same we gain.

MORAL.—AN UNDEFINED PROBLEM.

If principal and int'rest of the whole remain,
Untarnish'd by their use, or lessen'd in the store ;
What is the net amount, which these who strive
shall gain,
Who principal and int'rest use for evermore.

PARLIAMENTARY DISCUSSIONS.

Parliament, D F.—This word is of French derivation, taken from the word (parler) to speak; it was first applied says—"Blackstone," to the general assemblies of the states, under Louis the seventh, in France, about the middle of the twelfth century; the earliest mention of it in the Statutes, is in the preamble to the statute of Westminster, A. D: 1272.

Those Parliaments! are meant to parley—

On things when out of order;

But let each use their judgment fairly,

And keep a true recorder.

The air you breath let it be pure,

Then healthy emanations—

Are likely to succeed, and cure,

The malady of nations.

Ye men who Parley, Parley well!

While set in Parliament;

Then I'd to future ages tell,

Your honest good intent.

As words alone are nought but wind,

Let acts here prove the deed;

Whereby in time we re sure to find,

Good fruit from lovely seed.

Then shall the day long wish'd for be—

A credit to us all;

When truth is spread from sea to sea!

And peace from pole to pole!

AN ACROSTIC.

I cannot spend my time to write,
On things of no avail ;
How can I find a picture bright,
Neither with hill or dale ?

Worthy the artist's quick-set eye,
Rough sketching on his march,
If he were with the smooth to try—
Gazing on azure arch !
He'd never find his subject dry—
Ting'd with, new-born research.

THE LANDLORDS FRIEND.

I us'd to be so fill'd with pain,
That I'd take a little wee drop
Of gin, from which I never could wane
Myself, or yet make a full stop.

My wife and her brood learnt the trick,
Who had the example by me ;
She'd up with her foot and she'd kick,
My rump, when I went to my tea.

Then I would soon have a rap in,
And let her know who was the head,
But we made it all up with gin ;
And off we cut reeling to bed.

Nor had I a long time to lay,
Ee'r tremens were filling my brains ;
Some heard me a mile off to say,
Ah Betty, what's gotten my banes.

Just luke up aboon them ead shelves,
Behold what an army there is !
It must be the De'el and his elves,
D'ye see what a comical phiz.

Then up I would jump in a rage,
And threaten by all that is good ;
I'd catch the old boy in his cage,
And then be reveng'd of his blood.

I pelted and struck out amain,
And batter'd the posts of my bed ;
As these could'nt answer again,
I wounded my own sorry head.

In the morn we each one arose,
And all were amazed together ;
We grappled to get on our clothes,
But lo ! they were hung on a tedder.

At pop-shop I'd been night before,
I'd pop't their bit clothes all within ;
And mine were half-lung on the door,
To get us Rum, Brandy, and Gin.

Ah Betty, now what does thou think ?
Can we turn ourselves right about ?
We've swallowed our clothes all in drink,
They're gone far enough there's no doubt!

Come set on and make us some tea,
Or coffee my lass, if thou can ;
Why Johnny, now that cannot be,
I neither have kettle nor pan!

For these went a shopping thou knows,
Along with the rest, which thou took ;
I neither have money nor clothes,
Or ought in the house for to cook!

Why Betty, we have brought our hogs,
To a very fine market indeed ;
And thus are we lurch'd in the bogs,
This lesson should make us take heed.

Thou sees we have nothing in't house,
No butter, or bacon, or bread ;
We are poorer than a church mouse,
And in a short time we's be dead.

I'll tell thee what Betty I'm thinking,
 If thou will consent to the same ;
 We'll all give up our base drinking,
 And take up a Teetotal name !

That's right John, we'll all sign the pledge,
 I'm determin'd that I'll try the plan ;
 With chisel, and hammer, and wedge,
 We'll release the kettle and pan.

Just so the whole family did,
 And stuck to the text like a priest ;
 So now they can lift up the lid,
 And out of the pot, have a feast.

Of fat things and all full of marrow,
 They've money to buy what they need ;
 Before, they could scarce get a sparrow,
 But now they deliciously feed.

John's Children are all at the school,
 So cleanly and tidy they go ;
 And he can well handle the tool,
 Which keeps them from sorrow and woe

He has got a superfine coat,
 His wife has got a new gown ;
 The landlord can laugh at their sport,
 He alone may sit as a clown.

If he can't be better employ'd,
He may mope and think of his trade ;
See how many lives he's destroy'd,
And how many beggars he's made.

Hear him counting one and go one,
Himself and wife with the rest ;
His children each one in their turn,
And all to mankind are a pest.

What a trade, or a traffic is this,
To deal out the poisonous glass ;
And spoil or annihilate bliss,
Which ought to be felt by the mass.

Give it up, give it up dear lad !
I can feel for thee as a friend ;
I know that thy heart is oft sad,
For Comfort, let sorrow now end.

I'll give you my hand as a brother,
If this you will promise to me ;
To act the kind father and mother,
And set all the family free !

THERE IS NO LOVE ABOUT THE HOUSE.

There is no love about the house,
There is no love at all ;
There is no love about the house,
Man lost it by his fall !

CHORUS.

Satan hurries and worries,
And 'tis his hearts delight ;
To tease his children all the day,
And trouble them at night.

Let's drive the Devil from the house,
Let's drive him far away ;
Then we'll have love about the house,
And have it every day.

Chorus, &c.

Then send him back unto his hell,
Alone to suffer pain ;
As he's the owner of the cell,
Pray let him there remain.

Chorus, &c.

But we'll have love about the house,
The brightest ever shone ;

So we may in the same carouse,
From evening unto morn.
Chorus, &c.

Enjoyment was for man design'd,
And he shall have it too ;
Although he is with sin entwin'd,
He need'nt in it grow.
Chorus, &c.

Old Satan has his evil plans,
He has no love at all ;
And with his flaming fiery brands
Would fain leap o'er the wall.
Chorus, &c.

But love will quell his fiery rage,
And bind him in his den ;
Let's all in one, with love engage,
He's surely conquer'd then.
Chorus, &c.

But we will have him driven back,
To his most dismal cave ;
As his best deeds are ever black,
He always was a knave.
Chorus, &c.

Now by this short epitome,
I'd have the truth be known ;

And urge you in the pantomy,
To make true love your own.
Chorus, &c.

For she carries and marries,
And 'tis her whole delight;
To entertain her votaries,
With Comfort day and night.

A DESCANT ON THE PASSIONS.

STANZA I.

Vile passions strong, I find we must
By no means them indulge;
For oft they do betray their trust,
The secret to divulge.

And then the man is quite unman'd,
No government has he;
Nor can he use fair Reason's wand,
However strong he be.

We're very apt to use at sight,
What seems to gratify;
And think our inclination right,
But do it on the sly.

Tho', on reflection's calm survey,
A benefit we find ;
And choose, with her the safer way,
Which brings, sweet peace, to mind.

When Reason is well exercis'd,
These passions then fall back,
By which they should be catechis'd,
Or plac'd upon the rack.

Tho' in the same quotidian path,
Fastidious we are ;
Yet he who is the strongest, hath
No strength of mind to spare.

Never allow your passions strong,
To take fair reason's chair ;
Usurping power, which does belong
To her alone!—the heir.

To rule, conduct, and govern all
Those passions of the mind ;
But if they reign, the man will fall,
And reason must go blind.

How sad the picture I have drawn,
Tho' true, we all may grant ;
Yet, where the subject is not known,
A portion we shall want.

For if to sheer experience, we
Defer the same and try ;
Then in the end we shall agree,
When we've had this to buy.

But if you buy the thing too dear,
Don't lay the blame on me ;
As I have shewn the subject clear,
Those who have eyes may see.

STANZA II.

Virulent passions rise and swell,
To seas of mortal strife,
In those who think they're acting well,
Their duty while in life.

Tho' now emers'd so deep within,
That none can extricate ;
The victim of this raging sin,
Nor crime obliterate.

Which rose at first by nothing less
Than yielding to self-will ;
Inevitable man's distress,
In guilt he swells the bill.

The mighty ocean now is full,
Nor can it empti'd be ;

Unless mankind united pull,
To gain their liberty.

Impurity of motive swells,
This mole-hill to the skies ;
And only one ingredient tells,
To make man truly wise.

Now this is surely love alone !
When seated in the heart ;
Its subject rests from night to morn,
Commutations all depart.

Vile passions are subserviant now,
Adorning master-piecc ;
No ostentation can they show,
Disturbance ever cease.

Then let me have the tranquil frame,
Of mind that is at rest !
The sparks of which, rise to a flame,
And shine for ever bless'd.

Tumults and tossings too and fro,
Are from my bosom rent ;
This was, and is, and must be so,
Of nothing to repent.

Then at the final scene to start,
On wings of love to fly ;
Where all is purity of heart,
And life shall never die.

There to enjoy the presence of
Vast millions gone before ;
The fruits of undefined love,
With all her blessed store.

'Mid cherubim, and seraphim,
And they whose robes are white,
For ever in the sight of him,
Who is their chief delight.

THE SILVERY LOCKS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

These silvery locks in the midst of my days,
Redound to my honour and pleasure ;
While my heart is engag'd, in sounding the praise
Of Jesu's ! immaculate treasure !

From the crown of my head, all flowing around,
The snowy-white hair doth appear,
So delightful is this, while my joy doth abound,
At the presage of closing the year.

In righteousness found, and with faith to believe,
That my Saviour is all unto me!
With the witness within, not a soul can decieve,
The subject of liberty free!

Tho' hoary, and fair, be the soft flowing hair,
Ornamenting the studious head,
Yet, the heart it rebounds in the midst of all care,
And with heavenly manna 'tis fed.

The spring of my life, having hopefully spent,
Right on to meridian day,
In possession of which, with no cause to relent,
That my days have pass'd quickly away.

The sweet retrospective, brings peace to the mind,
And comfort to all who possess;
The beauty of which, while their glancing behind,
On the whole, with no mark of distress.

When good seed is sown on luxuriant soil,
And the weeds are all gather'd from thence,
Well manur'd by grace, then nothing can foil,
Its fruit, in the midst of pretence.

Ah! 'tis watered well, with the dew from above,
Brought forth by the heat of the sun,
In the eve of the day, all plum'd as a dove,
Rejoicing,—the harvest's begun.

The most blessed time of man's life is the close!
When his path is bedecked with green,
Having weather'd the storms, and now in repose,
The elements all are serene.

Then the snowy white hair on the head that is old,
Betokens a crown of delight,
In reserve for the sire, more precious than gold,
While his armour is glittering bright.

Salvation! the helmet to cover his head,
Yea, the bright shield of faith! on his arm,
And the sword of the spirit! by which he is led,
To the land that is pleasant and warm.

Let all who see this, pay the honour that's due,
To the pilgrim that's far on his way,
Or you by and bye, may have cause for to rue,
When your own lock's are silvery gray.

LOVE, AND THEY SAY.

They say that Yorkshire folk are bites,
And shew their actions mean,
But London folk put all to rights!
And lick the country clean,

Sometimes they say the thing that's wrong,
To suit their vicious taste ;
And mix with fallacy their song,
They sing with spleen, or haste.

Did you but notice all they say,
You'd often make mistake ;
And seldom tread the truthful way,
Your cake would hardly bake.

Now, what we really see and know,
We do at once believe ;
Mere words of fiction, are but show,
And oft mankind deceive.

Mark ! Cities, Countries, Nations too,
I've canvass'd far and wide ;
Of which, found none more fair and true,
Than they of Yorkshire side.

Don't think that I'm thrasonical,
And all but self exclude ;
By this most simple article,
My patrons to delude.

No pettish, low design is this,
Mankind are all my friends ;
Of none would I now speak amiss,
Hark ! how the subject ends.

Where philanthropic beauty reigns,
With unanimity ;
Then Charity her strength maintains,
Throughout eternity.

'Tis true, the same begins at home,
And very right it should ;
Or languishing we'd often roam,
And stick quite fast in mud.

Tho' when we see a neighbour down,
Let each assistance give ;
To raise him up, and not to frown,
But smile to see him live.

May we as men, attend to this,
And do the good we can ;
Nor ever at our neighbour hiss,
Be honest, man to man.

Our Father hath the same desire,
Who rules the host above ;
No more from us doth he require,
Than this,—the purest love !

THE PRESS.

—————Mark well your points!
Ye Printers! who may think ye're wise—
Above the copy written;
Methinks you've got a pair of eyes—
So much with canker smitten!
But when from me you've got revise,
Attend to my instruction;
For others cannot think you wise,
To mar a neat production.
Tear the nebula from your eye!
Your hands now move in order,
And then your head will tell you why,
You're hemm'd in, with a border,
Consider you are working men,
Having a scribe attendant!
Who writes dictation by the pen,
And is his own defendant.
Do print each word in its own place,
Or readers well may wonder!
And fix a blur to my disgrace,
When you have made the blunder.
I must stick up for self and all.
For whom I write with pleasure,
That each may catch the flying ball—
In which is hid their treasure,

This is not all that I've to say,
You spoil the good intended!
If its not righted in my day,
It happen can't be mended.
Now print the copy as I give,
Do'nt mar its native beauty;
I've used the riddle, and the sieve,
And you must do your duty.
Orthography,—Typography,—
And errors I have stated,
Yourselves correct, and then you'll be
At least, exonerated.

THE TITLED MAN.

As compliments are yet in vogue,
And sometimes duly paid,
They oft are given to a rogue,
Because he's money made.

Behold! the title of Esquire,
Has settled upon me,
Perhaps to raise a flaming fire,
That better folks may see.

If wealth occasion this, you are
At liberty to sneer.

For sure I am, this cannot mar,
One hundred pounds a year.

But if an armour bearer can,
Receive it from a knight,
I do believe an honest man,
Will keep his armour bright.

Tho' if the appellation here,
Be given out of place,
'Twill shortly to the world appear,
Time will the same erase,

The warfare you're engaged in,
Your mental powers require,
And if the conquest you would win,
Mark well the time to fire!

A local man, or volunteer,
A Lord, or Duke, or Knight,
Will find they have no time to sneer,
Who keep their armour bright.

But if the armour I do bear,
Belongs unto a King,
Or King of Kings, the lovely heir!—
Of all things—then I'll sing.

Be names or titles what they may,
These bear no weight on me,
As I rejoice the live-long day,
My heart is full of glee.

Then let me use the same, as he
The power alone did give,
Our Poet's liberty is free!
And when he's dead he'll live.

Where names, and titles all shall cease,
But one, the King supreme!
And he, the author of our peace,
Be held in high esteem.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Behold! I sit and eat my bread,
But not the same alone,
Conscious I am, my heart, and head,
For higher things were born.

A sympathizing, feeling heart,
Well foster'd in the breast,
Doth oft a benefit impart,
To those who are distress'd.

This lovely principle in man,
Should never dormant lay,
But strive to do what'eer he can,
T'improve it every day.

This fair example,—Christ!—our head,
Set forth for us to use ;
To his disciples, thus, he said,—
Do good! and do'nt refuse.

And then a blessing, seven-fold,
Shall rest upon your head!
Tho' I may never promise gold,
Verily, thou shalt be fed.

Not anything that's good, while here,
Shall ever be deni'd,
To those, whose motives are sincere,
Their wants shall be suppli'd.

The bread of life includes the whole
Of which we need below,
And when this earthy house shall fall,
To that above we go.

I am the bread of life said he,
Who came direct from heaven!
And all who freely eat of me
Shall have their sins forgiven.

My flesh is meat, my blood is drink,
The same I came to give,
To those who'r starving on the brink
Of death, partake and live.

THE LONG WISH'D FOR DAY.

When all shall own the great I am!
As he himself hath said,
The wolf shall then dwell with the lamb,
The leopard with the kid.

The calf and the young lion too,
With fatlings then shall lay,
Likewise the Ox, the Bear, and Cow,
On that delightful day.

They all shall be familiar then,
A little Child shall lead,
Or draw them with a cord so thin,
In pasture's green to feed.

The sucking Child shall harmless play,
Beside the envenom'd asp,
And never fear, as in our day
We do, the bitter wasp.

Nothing shall hurt, much less destroy,
In all my holy mount,—
Thus saith the Lord,—extatic joy
Shall spring right from the fount.

The stem of Jesse's rod, is sure
To execute the plan,
And all the in-bred sickness cure,
That sin entail'd on man.

The knowledge of the Lord shall fill
The earth, from pole to pole,
The troubl'd waters then be still,
And peace possess the whole.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations he shall win,
Unto himself, who for us bore,
The sad effects of sin.

Then Pathross, Cush, and Elam's sons,
Shall all united be,
And Israel's long despised ones,
With Juda shall agree.

Thus, shall they all be gathered from,
Four corners of the earth,
With songs of praise, they shouting come.
And test the second birth.

No man shall make his fellow, slave!—
Commotions all shall cease!
And then's the time, when we shall have
A universal peace!

When Ethiopia, shall stretch forth
Her hand unto the Lord,
To own, and prove the Saviour's worth.
And test the three-fold cord.

Ephraim shall no envy know,
Nor Juda vex him more,
Each heart with warmth of love shall glow,
And wars shall then be o'er.

The entail surely is cut off,
The serpent's lost his sting,
And fiend's alone, God's vengeance quaff,
But saint's his glory sing!

The island's of the sea, shall all
Be gather'd safely in,
Not one shall perish by the fall,
For Christ hath conquer'd sin!

The day long wish'd for, shall I see!
Or still be meandering on,
Until my life, with seasons be
Worn out, and I be gone.

Far hence, unto a land, unknown!
My spirit towering high,
To wait the resurrection morn,
And then, right home to fly.

Where bliss immortal shall spring up,
In body, and in mind,
No more to taste the bitter cup,
Which here we often find.

Be this, or that, my portion here,
Pray give me Lord, content!
In life, or death, no thing to fear,
A life in virtue spent.

Then all is well, that happy day
Assuredly I shall see,
When time, and things are pass'd away,
In blest eternity!

There, to enjoy his lovely smile,
Who died, that I, might live!
On earth preparing here awhile,
And then the whole receive.

Of what, no mortal here can tell!
There! all shall be reveal'd,
Yea, we shall land, where all fares well,
And mysteries are unseal'd.

THE SPECTRE.

The tenibrocity of night,
Obstreperous things present,
By vain illusions, to the sight
Of man, with discontent.

But he, whose mind is quite serene,
The sterile mount to rise,
Can pass along where ghost's have been,
Without the least surprise.

'Tho' things hob-goblin-like appear,
His nerves are strong and firm,
He dares the spectre to come near,
He'd crush him like a worm!

Oft bickering gleams do wave around,
From exhalations, rise,
On marshy swamps the same are found,
To dance before his eyes,

Bibacious characters are apt,
At times to be misled.
Ignus-fatuus has him trap't,
For want of sober head,

An intermissive start, he may
 Within his bosom feel.
Then wishing for the break of day,
 In hopes his mind to heal.

The interfulgent ray is seen,
 To dart upon his soul,
And then he sees where he has been,
 Attendant on the bowl.

Ah! now, quoth he, the necromance
 Of incantating wine,
Just robs me of a two-fold chance,
 To make sweet comfort mine.

Henceforth, adieu! to all, that may
 Disturb my peace of mind,
These eyes are now as clear as day,
 Which once were nearly blind.

He, who by master, reason, led!
 Need never daunted be,
Boldly he lifts his noble head,
 His steps are firm and free,

Tho' travelling in the gloomy vale,
 Where forest's shake with wind,
And loudly echo in the dale,
 He never looks behind.

No company needs he to guide,
Or guard him on his way,
His dignity doth well provide,
For night, as well as day.

THE ORIGIN OF POETRY,

ITS PROGRESS AND EFFECTS.

As ancient men in former days,
Mov'd on with infant time ;
In pastoral pursuit, their lays
Sprung up, likewise their rhyme.

'Mid pleasures of their numerous stock,
David is one we name ;
Some thousands he had in a flock,
And rose to highest fame.

'The chief musician, as we read,
He was, in Israel's tribe :
And, though a king, did sow the seed,
To which we do subscribe.

His melodies will ever last,
Throughout the length of time,
And millions have in ages past,
Reap'd pleasure from his rhyme.

His songs with music still replete,
We in our day rejoice ;
Nothing was ever penn'd more sweet,
Commingl'd with the voice.

When man with little is content,
And satisfied with all,
The wide Creation doth present,
To him a lovely ball.

Where he can toss and wield about,
Fair Nature's broad expanse ;
And nothing treat with menace flout,
Tho' oft his heart would dance.

Music in all things doth abound,
And every sight is gay ;
Plant, shrub, and tree, yea solid ground,
Harmonious tribute pay.

The water spring, and rivulet sweet,
With oceans widely spread ;
Give to the Poet's soul a treat—
His mind by these are fed.

While pondering o'er the great first cause.
Of every sweet to man ;
Who gave to Nature all her laws—
We much admire His plan.

Behold the bed of lovely green !
Bedeck'd with flowers gay ;
More beauteous colours can't be seen,
Beneath the sun in May.

All these contribute of their store,
To benefit mankind,
And he who strives to seek for more,
Abundance yet may find ;

Such things are pleasant to his taste.
And easy to digest,
So nothing now need run to waste.
As man is ever bless'd—

By Him whose matchless goodness gave
To every thing its life ;
And saw it proper man should have
A charming lovely wife.

This, living music ever kind
Contributes to his pleasure !
If she but be, what is design'd,
She is his greatest treasure !

Earth can't produce another such—
Love makes her virtues shine!
Don't think in this I've said too much.
It may be yours and mine.

But music, I am touching on,
And if my string be slack;
I'll not retract what I have done,
But move some paces back.

And catch the origin, of which,
As brother Pope presumes;
Sweet pastoral employ is such,
And pregnant with perfumes.

So charming to the sense of smell,
Likewise to that of sight;
Its influence no tongue can tell,
'Twill reach sublimest height.

Then spread abroad from pole to pole.
And fill the hemispheres!
Yea, raise to dignity the soul,
In penitential tears.

Propell'd by love the only touch,
Where music had its rise!
Of which we cannot have too much,
For 'tis the golden prize.

Ere pastoral pursuits were known,
The morning stars were heard ;
Before one child of man was grown,
These sang without a word.

But now we can such words repeat,
As angels join in choir ;
They sang at Jesu's birth so sweet,
That song ! which all require.

Mark ! charms of music since the fall
Of man, are sweeter far
Than heretofore, for such do call
Us ! to that morning star.*

Where we shall sing so sweet and clear,
In presence of the heir !
Of all things, none be in the rear,
Our kindred will be there.

Shall they who once were here below,
Whose voices join'd with ours ?
Edwin, and Emma shall we know ?
Who with us gather'd flowers.

They long have gone, a lovely pair,
And hope would tell us this ;
They landed in fair Canaan, where,
All sing the song of bliss.

* Jesus Christ

My mother too who dandl'd me,
While in my infant days ;
With music cheer'd me on her knee,
And taught me pretty lays.

'Then father's stern, tho' master voice,
Join'd in a solar strain ;
Brother and sister would at choice,
Have harmony remain.

But ah ! their days went swiftly o'er,
Their years flew on apace ;
And now we know them here no more.
They've found their resting-place.

To reign for ever, priest or king,
May we such love obtain ;
As will enable us to sing,—
We've met our friends again.

Shall we not then have knowledge there,
Much more than we have here ?
To recognize each other, where
There's neither doubt nor fear.

Yes, joyful thought ! thus shall we see,
The saints of God in bliss !
Without the least deformity,
Nothing shall be amiss.

The limbs so tortur'd here with pain,
And much discrepancy ;
Will never feel the same again
To all eternity.

For death has been our sweet release
From all that sin entail'd ;
Now we enjoy a lasting peace,
As life in Christ prevail'd.

And yet this harmony remains,,
Where love is shining bright,
'Mid all the choice of music's strains,
In splendour and delight.

No mind below, can picture what
We now anticipate !
Then, to enjoy, in opening that ;—
Which man could not create !

We pride ourselves in vocal art,
And learn to sing so sweet,
Where each one now can take their part,
But what?—when millions meet !

THE DAY STAR APPEARING IN THE EAST.

Mid stars so bright, and moon's opaque,
Our planet surely rolls,
Tho' still, and snug, we r wide awake.
To all between the poles.

Appearing to emerge from sleep,
In which we may have been,
The morn of day begins to peep,
A brilliant star is seen!

To gild the Northern hemisphere,
So beauteous to behold;
The azure canopy is clear,
And ting'd with rays of gold.

Which here portends a shining day,
That shortly shall appear,
And lovely as a flower in May,
Sprung up this present year.

In Guisbro' town, all seems alive,
A railway there's to be;
Which hence may cause the place to thrive,
And shew the natives free!

From isolated solitude,
Wherein they long have dwelt,
And join them to the multitude,
With whom for centuries dwelt.

As London city in the South,
With manufactories west.
And Agriculture's widen'd mouth,
Facilitates the rest.

Although its rural pleasure's long,
I have enjoyed so sweet,
And said, or sung my native song,
While in her lov'd retreat ;

And should for ever wish to be,
No worse than I have found,
Replete with lovely harmony,
Where principle is sound.

If this prevails, we have the test.
Each one, within his mind,
Or now embosom'd in the breast,
Of each, who'r so inclined,

Philanthropy nought can affect,
It ever reigns the same,
And tho' some may on me reflect,
They can't the subject blame.

Participants would now forego,
A portion of their weal,
'To put away contingent woe,
Which oft their fellows feel.

Philosophy is here combin'd,
With philanthropic joy,
When both together are entwin'd
Nothing can them destroy.

The hearts of those, who pregnant are
With principles like these!
Are led as by the morning star,
To flowery paths at ease.

THE PRINTER SEEMS OFFENDED!

D'ye think my office I'd disgrace,
By printing incorrect?
Or fixing letters out of place,
For others to detect?

My work! I'll turn it off first rate,
And all so neatly bound,
That connoisseurs may truly state,
The same as they have found!

D'ye think that I'd demean myself,
 With slop-shop shabby stuff?
 I would'nt have it on my shelf,
 Nor do I use a puff!

Most certainly, the matter, which
 Those works I print contain,
 Does not belong the binding stitch.
 We print, and bind for gain.

The author, if there's ought amiss,
 Tax him, and don't tax me;
 On such, the public smile or hiss,—
 You know the press is free!

THE AUTHOR'S DEFENCE.

Let Poet's have the Goose's quill,
 No other weapon, they
 Do need, to wipe off, or to still,
 Vain sophist's of the day.

As no embellishment they want,
 To ornament their view,
 Our captious ones, with menace cant,
 May now have cause to rue,

Wer't not for author's, could ye men
 Call'd Printers, get your bread?

By printing off-hand, without pen,
You can't be nicely fed.

Now pay the honour that is due
To those who move the press;
Then, when you tighten up your screw,
You'll never feel distress.

Let both in one, go hand in hand,
To give instruction pure,
That all mankind, by sea, or land,
Self int'rest may secure.

A SMALL LESSON FOR THE PRINTER.

ATTEND TO THESE PARTICULARS!

Annotations, elongations, abbreviations, examinations,
Exclamations, admirations, interrogations'
Derivations, lamentations, deprecations,
Approbations, emulations, consolations,
For all nations! no applications to botherations,
In these relations, to shew your inclinations,
And aspirations to qualifications of
Exaltations in your stations, then no
Obligations to bard emanations,
Positively, absolutely, definitively and categorically!

EXAMPLE.

Con-tra-reg-u-lar-i-bil-i-ty,
Hon-o-rif-i-ca-bil-i-tu-din-i-ty,
An-thro-po-mor-phi-tan-i-an-is-mi-cal-i-a-tion.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH,

AN INTERLOCUTORY PIECE.

When walking out one summer's day,
 'Mid Nature's broad expanse ;
 I met an old man in the way,
 To whom I did advance.

Said he, 'good morrow, dear young man,'
 'Good morrow, sir, to you,
 You're looking rather pale and wan,
 Your years are not a few.

I like to converse with the ag'd,
 And hear their history through,
 I judge that many a war you've wag'd,
 With some strange villains too.

Said he, 'young man, you've judg'd it right,
 I oft-times have been wrong'd ;
 This world at best is but a fight,
 I've been severely throug'd.

But never mind, these scenes are past.
 My time is near an end ;
 I trust all will be right at last,
 When I shall meet my friend.

Your friend ! my aged reverend sire ?—

Have you a friend to meet ?

And grant you what we all require,

Some consolation sweet ?

I have, said he but lately found

That comforter within ;

Which did my heart so deeply wound,

Then pardon'd all my sin.

But sit you down, and let us hold,

A short discourse awhile ;

If I with you should make so bold,—

I think you seem to smile.

Just so, I like so well to see,

The venerable head ;

In unison with truth agree

And prove what he hath said.

I'll take a seat at your request,

And hear what you've to say,

A short and sweet discourse is best !—

I haven't long to stay.

Well, be it so, I must be short,

And speak one word for ten ;

My life-time I have spent in sport,

And can't live o'er again.

Were I but young with this old head !
Experience now tells me—
I'd tread in paths by wisdom led,
That holy I might be.

Vast treachery there is in man,
And much had I to claim
But now I'd lay a better plan,
I'd nought but self to blame.

This I do mention for your good,
I think its only fair ;
Youth often paddle in the mud,
Without much thought or care.

Behold this pretty shining day !
An emblem 'tis of youth ;
I once was sprightly, young, and gay,
But now I'm old forsooth.

That, I believe my aged friend,
Without the least dispute ;
And if you don't your manners mend,
You'll die without repute.

You speak just like a stripling boy,
And think you're fully wise ;
Mark ! I have tasted of the joy
That evil all defies.

I've got a legacy for you,
Lay hold of it I pray ;
That you may evil now eschew,
While in the morn of day.

What I've collected during life,
To benefit mankind ;
I got it in the midst of strife,
And now I leav't behind.

You know that morning swells to noon !
And noon declines to night ;
Both you and I will very soon
Experience this is right.

And if the day be once let slip,
The night is all that's left ;
We cannot make a second trip !
Of time we are bereft.

I see your meaning now, my friend,
And thank your free good-will ;
To your advice I must attend,
And turn from every ill.

That's right, young man, just now begin
Before to-morrow's dawn ;
And cull the sweets that are within,
The flower fully blown.

For when we rise to middle life,
 With cares we oft abound ;
Then intermittent pain and strife,
 In our concerns are found.

The twig, in youth, is easy bent !
 'Twill turn what way you please ;
The ag'd have often to lament,
 And pay omission fees.

When man has mov'd to hoary age,
 In sin and folly's train ;
With sheer neglect of sacred page,
 Oft, folly does remain.

The sturdy oak is bad to bend,
 Yet, time will bring it down ;
Its years tho' num'rous have an end,
 The fact is surely known.

In amnesty now bury, all,
 That is not worthy life ;
Then you, dear youth, need never fall,
 A prey to bitter strife.

But cannot you a pleasing thought,
 And sweet description give ?
Of things that I may buy for nought,
 In peace and plenty live ?

Yes, sure enough, just take a walk
In father's garden there ;
Then you and I will sweetly talk
And drive away dull care.

In spring-time of the year behold!
The dresser is employ'd ;
By labouring in the fertile mould,
To have the weeds destroy'd.

Thereby to make more room for those
Sweet fruits that look so well ;
Likewise the lily, and the rose,
So grateful to the smell.

These all improv'd by culture are,
And then mature grown ;
When nothing's in the way to mar,
The lovely seed that's sown.

Having begun to till the ground,
In time, and plant the trees ;
Fruit in abundance will be found,
And wine upon the lees.—

For you dear youth, so free from care,
Within the lovely bower ;
Yea, ever breathe salubrious air,
And pluck the sweetest flower.

That's grand, old friend, I can't but say,
You've told a pretty story ;
May heavenly breezes waft away,
Both you and I to glory.

The night is drawing on, and I
Must paddle on my way ;
Assur'd of this, that by and bye,
The night will close the day.

A free good-will to you, I have
My aged friend sincere ;
And tho' we're travelling to the grave,
Each may in heaven appear !

I never more your face may see,
A better tale to tell ;
Till landed in eternity,
Farewell, young man, farewell !

COMPOSITION OF THOUGHT.

When evil thoughts possess the mind,
They hamper soul and body ;
Nor can they else but prove unkind,
To such as vainly study.

Or yield implicitly to all,
The risings of desire ;
Within himself is sure to fall,
And plunge in liquid fire.

Inevitable this would seem,
And he alone to blame ;
While rising up in self esteem,
Must sink in awful shame.

Here degradation now steps in,
And claims the upper seat ;
Sole heiress she, or first akin,
Nor shoes upon her feet.

In rags and tatters meanly dress'd,
Nothing to mend the same ;
I cannot find one more distress'd
Than this degraded dame.

Who would'nt turn her quite adrift?
And take the lady in,
Which brings for every one a gift,
Who strives the same to win.

What is the lady's name I pray ?
That I may court her smile,
Her name is love, so free and gay,
She'll sit and chat awhile.

And tell you of such pretty things
 As charm the heart of man ;
 Out of her treasury she brings
 The same with lily fan.

Wafted so gracefully, they light
 As zephyrs on the rose !
 With all her garments shining bright,
 My subject to disclose.

The humble soul alone prefers
 Another to himself ;
 Tho' in the world he bustling stirs,
 'Tis not to gain him pelf.

Or ought that ebbs, and flows with time,
 Which yield no lasting pleasure ;
 Tis not in Music or in rhyme,
 Love, is his only treasure !

With this implanted in his breast,
 Propelled by the same ;
 He freely gives up all the rest,
 Whatever is its name.

FRUITS OF ECONOMY.

I here presume a plan to lay,
To be adopted, by
All, those who wish their debts to pay,
Will sure the maxim try.

'Tis this,—neither to waste or want,
The smallest useful thing ;
Hereby you'll find you're never scant
Of ought that care can bring.

This leaves no need of that keen smart,
They feel, who go to borrow ;
Both shame and grief possess the heart,
Such know it to their sorrow.

We've many a useful sovereign spent,
In things far worse than nought ;
So when too late we oft repent,
That we such things had bought.

'Tis not for me the whole to name,
Each knows the best himself ;
But when you seek some one to blame,
Cast eye on empty shelf.

Consider now, how well it might
Have furnish'd been by you ;
And see if this be your delight,
To give your wife her due.

And Children too, all looking up
To you, for their relief ;
While you have bought the mad'ning cup
Instead of buying beef.

This thought pops in your mind for one,
As you begin to think ;—
I've spent a shilling, that is gone
In nought but woeful drink.

In sweetmeats now his mind to ease,
A sixpence more he spent ;
Thinking these would his partner please,
Tho' nothing for the rent.

If nought I carry home, said he,
My wife would be so cross ;
She would'nt make a cup of tea,
And that would make things worse.

So now to suit my vicious taste,
I'd risk a sour look
From my dear partner, good and chaste ;
I've brought her nought to cook !

Had I but got two pounds of beef,
With four pounds of best flour ;
My children would have found relief
By food within the door.

My smirking wife would then have said
Dear lad, thou hast done well ;
We'll have some meat, then off to bed,
This is a tale to tell !

I'll talk it o'er I can't do less,
As thou hast chang'd thy plan !
I pray the Lord, thy soul to bless,
Thou's acted like a man.

And labour'd hard throughout the week.
Its fruits I'll not spend ill ;
But all your Comfort I will seek,
And have some corn to mill.

Now John, we'll strive to live ourselves,
Let others do the same ;
We'll have some meat upon our shelves,
For which, who can us blame ?

And if they do, who fain would have
Thee drink and swallow all ;
I'd have thee now their tempting wave,
They'd stand and see thee fall !

The money thou hast brought to me,
I'll use for children dear ;
And buy a fine new coat for thee,
Then let the landlord sneer !

We'll move away and take a seat,
Where better folk resort ;
There feed our souls on something sweet,
Nor spend our all for nought.

Then let the gay, licentious boast,
Of what they do enjoy ;
The thing I do admire most,—
Is bliss without alloy !

A foretaste of the same we have,
To help us on our way ;
And by economy we'll save
A store for endless day.

A LONG STRIDE TO A FRIEND.

If no display of art there be,
Or literary science,
In these few lines I write to thee,
They bid the world defiance !

As Art alone could never vie,
With Nature's lovely gift,
Tho' reminiscence oft would try
To gather strength as swift.

Then soar aloft, beyond the reach
Of tangibility,
To find if Nature, Art could teach,
From her vast, fruitful tree.

At length she own'd that Nature's God,
Alone! hath claim to power;
Which brought to being by his word,
Man! with his lovely flower.

But things of Art, arise from what,
Bold Nature doth advance!
While Art alone in embryo sat,
Nature sprang, void of chance.

Tall reason now, will loudly call,
For contemplation here;
And bid all Art, for ever fall
Far back within the rear.

The low quiescent state of art,
For generations past,
Bid fair for neutralizing part,
Of what did bloom at last.

And now doth blossom as the rose,
Or lily of the vale,
Here Art with science can disclose,
The vessel in full sail.

A trip I had, with Captain Smart.
Along the Northern Ocean;
So swift the packet sail'd by art,
Well nigh perpetual motion!

I ne'er would deprecate, what all
With power can't remove,
Both Art and Science have a call,
Which Nature doth approve.

The tall and sprightly Maughan stood
Longside of Smart and said,—
We'll patronize the thing that's good,
And lift the studious head.

Assistance each may give to each,
While Art and Nature join,
All have a talent within reach,
And each a separate coin.

Whereon is stamp't their sovereign's head,
Legitimate to use;
Hereby improve the golden thread,
Nor yet the string abuse.

By Nature, mind is tightly strung,
To give a certain sound;
And if man rightly use his tongue,
It can't his conscience wound.

Man's heart within, and science too,
With Nature working true,
And spirit's operation show,
The world is made anew.

Oft do we creep, or walk, or ride,
To gain a moment's pleasure;
Tho' he who takes the longest stride,
Obtains the greatest treasure.

MAN'S PRIMEVAL STATE.

In Cosma, man was image of
That brilliant star, which shone!
And lit Creation up in love
On that delightful morn!

Then, all the stars! together sang:
Harmonious was the sound,
The universe with echo rang.
When she her Maker found.

Whose fame vibrated far, and wide,
Which made the vallies ring;
With language, thus,—God did provide,—
And he shall be our King!

Delightful is the morn,—behold!
All things in harmony;
Yea, clear as crystal set in gold,
Crown'd with sublimity!

Here, man is plac'd as head of all,
With his beloved mate;
While each obey their maker's call.
In this delightful state!

These are with fecundity blest,
To raise a progeny;
With smiles of innocence caress'd,
So happy, and so free.

Nothing their union to divide,
When woods and forests smile;
Then man can look upon his bride,
Without the slightest guile.

While here, beneath their feet are spread,
Carpets of evergreen;
The canopy above their head,
Presents an azure scene.

The sun is shining bright and fair;
Flowers of various hue
Bedeck their path, salubrious air
Now drops the honey-dew.

Trees in abundance yielding fruit,
Subservient to their will;
Where each may now their palate suit,
And drink the crystal rill.

Sweet birds, harmoniously unite
In concert with the rest;
And all contribute to delight,
The pair so truly blest!

Methinks I see the lovely bride,
In contemplation sweet;
Likewise her husband by her side,
With songs of praise replete.

First fruits of all perfection see,
These shrubs and plants are grown
Spontaneous love, for you and me,
The flowers are fully blown.

The vine with grapes in clusters hung,
Pregnant with richest juice,
For us these are so neatly strung,
And all, now fit for use.

The workman who prepar'd this store,
Without materials, can,
True happiness for evermore,
Confer on fallen man!

TWO RULING PASSIONS OF THE MIND.

In travelling round, and square, I find
No two alike, of human kind ;
Men are so vari'd in their form,
They differ as the calm and storm.
These two extremes we often prove,
And view them fix'd in hate and love :
But shall these passions reign in man ?
Annihilate them if you can !
To all, the task is far above—
You can't destroy the passion, love !
The other one we must subdue,
Omitting which, are sure to rue.
The time is quickly hast'ning on,
When all shall love and be as one !
These passions of the mind are such,
We cannot love, and hate too much !
The bounds hereof were never set,
Tho' hatred can by love be bet ;
And this was tested at the fall,
When love step'd in, and conquer'd all !

PICTURE OF THE SAINT, AND SINNER MET
IN PARADISE.

IN TWO PARTS.

The man whose heart was never chang'd
From nature unto grace,
Whose life and conduct are estrang'd.
Can't find a resting place.

His head is sick, his heart is faint.
His garments are unclean,
When he beholds a lovely saint,
His breast is fill'd with spleen.

His vitiated palate, such,
Can never relish good,
The least proportion is too much,
For his vile spirit's food.

Yet, when he dies, he thinks he may,
Obtain a place in heaven;
Not knowing, those in blissful day.
On earth must be forgiven.

The preparation here is made,
For that delicious store,
Where the foundation stone is laid,
We build for evermore.

The saint has got within the gates,
Of Paradise, below,
The sinner on the pilgrim waits,
His happiness to know.

A garden now presents itself,
So splendid to the view,
Wherein is found the churlish elf,
With him that's made anew.

The sun is shining beauteous bright,
Clusters of grapes are hung;
The saint is filled with delight,
His harp is truly strung.

The pathway is bedeck't with green,
Border'd with lily fair,
And all delightful to be seen. —
Salubrious is the air.

The solitary saint is here,
Enjoyment is his own;
No carping in his mind, or fear,
Fruits to perfection grown.

A relish he has for the whole,
Nor can partake too much;
From this estate no chance to fall,
His happiness is such.

Within himself, the Deity,
Displays his glorious face!
And Jesus Christ! his surety,
With Holy Spirit's grace!

Nothing his happiness can mar,
For all within is pure,
And brilliant as the morning star!*

Which always shall endure.

STANZA II.

Astonishing! the saint beholds
The sinner by his side;
To whom, the subject he unfolds,
Fain would for him provide.

Saying, partake of this my friend,
Of this partake of too;
Do try to taste the better end
Of which, the whole I'll shew.

These fruits so lovely, do but taste,
The same delicious are!
You must'nt throw them down to waste,
Or e'er their virtues mar.

*Jesus.

Ah, no ! said he, I'm sick and wan,
I cannot bear the sight !
I'm here, a poor fainted-hearted man,
Nothing can me delight.

These things which you to me present,
Do satiate my soul ;
Nor can I find with you content,
I'll drink my bitter bowl.

To nothing else have I been us'd,
Probation spent in vain ;
And every warning I've refus'd,
Sweet Comfort to obtain.

'Tis lost, 'tis lost, 'tis lost to me,
My lot is endless pain ;
When I'd the chance, would not be free,
So lost ! I must remain.

A sad bad job, my friend is this,
As you to me relate ;
To bar yourself from endless bliss,
And fix your awful fate !

But try your strength in Paradise !
While we are lucky met ;
Partake of my well meant advice,
Can't you be happy yet ?

Ah, no ! your company's not fit
For me, nor mine for you ;
In happiness you here can sit,
And I must yonder rue.

Methinks had I one moment more
Of time on earth to live ;
And with ten thousand worlds in store,
The whole for bliss I'd give.

While here, in Paradise I must,
This awful story tell ;
That God is merciful and just,
I've doom'd myself to Hell.

CANTATA ON MARRIAGE.

In courtship, numerous samples, we
Have seen of treacherous cast ;
And yet, the same held forth you see,
Which cause a bitter blast.

Fair virtue shines with innocence,
Her beauty can't be told ;
Where truth resides without pretence,
More precious far than gold.

The lily of the vale is sweet,
But sweeter far is she,
Who can the song of love repeat,
And practice it with me.

My bosom heaves, my heart doth bound,
When loves retort is free;
The lines above within are found,
And two in one agree.

Tho' various crosses, so unkind,
We have to cope with here;
Let each in other truly find,
A friend that is sincere.

Much I have said before on this,
And nought but what is true;
If man once enter into bliss,
He never need to rue.

The contrast I will give you here,
Which some are known to prove;
For want of hope, they live in fear,
And die for want of love.

Yes, one I knew, a partner sought,
Amongst the fairest sex;
The same through affectation caught,
Who, did him much perplex.

He, Demas like, made gold his god,
So fill'd with lust and care!
Which brought unto himself a rod,
Nor did the smiter spare.

Let me have her I love withal,
Tho' she have not a penny,
And I have thousands at a call,
I'll have her, if I've any.

Mark! they who court for filthy gold,
And thus deceive the maid
To worse than nothing are they sold,
And with the same are paid.

But if true love the motto be,
The pair have no deceit,
Then you with me, will just agree,
The marriage is complete.

A RADICAL REFORM.

Let men who work and labour hard,
To get their daily bread ;
Maintain their right, as their reward,
And have their children fed.

Likewise a little to lay by,
Against a rainy day !
So they may bake, or boil, or fry,
And have no debts to pay.

Old Satan has a cunning plan,
So often does he try,
And say, come here, my jolly man,
I think thou's rather dry.

Now when he gets poor Johnny on,
To drink a glass of gin ;
It makes his brain with fury burn !
He kicks up such a din.

But mark him, when he comes so sly,
With ale, rum, gin, or brandy ;
At first he says you need'nt buy !
I'll treat you like a dandy.

Ere long, he turns his pockets out,
For Johnny had to pay !
Then did he curse, and swear, and shout,
I'm ruined quite to-day.

Now in came Betty, Johnny's wife,
And says, Come home my lad ;
Thou'st got me out of my life,
I think thou'lt drive me mad.

Them bairns thou knows they have no bread,
And thou scarce has a shirt,
A cap, I have'nt to my head :
We're lost in filth and dirt !

This subject brought him to a stand,
His heart began to move ;
He catches Betty by the hand,
And says, Is't true my love !

To thy advice I'll now attend,
Betty, conduct me right ;
No more my money will I spend,
I'll go with thee to-night.

Tho' dark and dreary be the way,
We'll post through thick and thin ;
We'll now exchange our night for day,
And thus some Comfort win.

Now Betty's, logic answer'd well,
She went with calm request ;
And did to John her story tell,
How sore they were distress'd.

But now he's turned over-leaf,
A brighter scene appears ;
No more distress, nor pain, or grief,
Disturb their following years.

Their bosoms heave with pleasing grace,
Each eye bespeaks their joy !
A smile now rests on Betty's face,
With nothing to annoy.

Their children all are neatly clad,
And every day at school ;
Which makes poor Johnny's heart so glad,
He handles well his tool.

Whereby a grand new suit he's got,
His wife a gown so neat ;
Since he's left off the mad'ning pot,
They're clad from head to feet.

Some Comfort now they have in life,
To church or chapel go !
Link'd arm in arm as man and wife,
Should travel here below.

And strive to interest each other,
Their children learn the same ;
Kind hearted father, tender mother,
Will bear the Christian name.

MUTABILITY AND IMMUTABILITY.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

How vari'd are the scenes, that we
Behold where'er we roam,
Tho' nothing fixed can we see,
Abroad, or when at home.

Here, permanence is out of date,
Or never had its rise;
The change of things, was fix'd in fate,
Both in the earth, and skies.

E'er time began, or man was made,
Or waters fill'd the sea,
Methinks the plan was ever laid,
From all eternity!

Decrees are fixed by a power,
Or hand, beyond our reach,
To stand unto the latest hour,
Without one single breach.

The mutability of all
Creation's wide expanse;
Be our possession's great or small,
They never came by chance.

As these are on the daily shift,
We can't enjoy them long ;
For time, and tide, and winds are swift,
To sing their funeral song.

Shall all these pretty toys around
Vanish or disappear ?
Wherewith our pleasures did abound,
For many a long-pass'd year.

Yes, friend, both thee and thine shall move
So rapid with the stream ;
Swift on the pinions of a dove,
And vanish as a dream.

Last night, I had some friendly talk
With one I dearly lov'd ;
But now she's ta'en her final walk,
And far from me remov'd.

The scene is past, discourse is ended,
And we no more shall meet ;
Where oft with joy, and tears blended,
We did each other greet.

I shortly may take flight to thee,
When I have done with time ;
To spend a long eternity
In songs the most sublime.

IMMUTABILITY.

If fatetudinous events
Revolving day and night ;
Supply our multifarious wants
By God's unequall'd might !

His wisdom here, throughout is seen,
The sun, the moon, the stars,
And earth, with her most lovely green.
Nothing his goodness mars.

Abuse of which, we have the power
Alone to our disgrace ;
'Tho' man with wisdom cannot lower !
His own appointed place.

He now fulfils the plans of Him
Who hath the same design'd ;
'To execute without a whim,
Where man is unconfin'd.

A free unbounded will has he,
To choose, and do his pleasure ;
Here, in the midst of all to see,
And cull the greatest treasure ;

Which must enhance the comfort sure
Of those who do obtain.

The hope within, and love so pure,
Which ever shall remain ;

The permanence of this was fix'd,
E'er God created man ;
And now have we to this annex'd,
A mystery to scan!

Tho' not in time to be reveal'd,
Full knowledge of the same ;
But when the book of Fate's unscal'd,
'T will bear a better name.

Those blest with light to see such things,
As here they deprecate ;
Then rising high on golden wings,
Will love, and bless their fate.

The winds vast treasury is what
We cannot comprehend ;
For he who on the circle sat,
Now rules! from end to end.

The most extensive balance too.
His hand doth hold to be
The standard of whate'er we do,
And held in equity.

The waters of the universe,
Alternate ebb and flow ;
Nor can we find the secret purse,
Or movement of it know.

Big mountains here with riches team,
And all in balance weigh'd,
By Him ! who is the King Supreme,
And did the world divide.

His jewels are apart from sin,
Firm as a rock they stand ;
Securely too, he holds them in,
The hollow of his hand.

Then, by one single touch or nod,
At once dry up the sea ;
And thus display the power of God,
Fix't from eternity.

Likewise the splendid spacious earth,
So beautiful and fair ;
When issu'd is his phial forth,
Dissolve in liquid air.

The elements created were,
By his Almighty power ;
And with amalgamations stir !
On worlds in vengeance shower.

Then, who dare say that he does wrong,
Th' Omnipotent and wise?
To whom, the Nations all belong,
Who caus'd them first to rise.

The limitable space between
The rise and fall of man;
He would prognosticate the scene,
And trace the course it ran!

Such things are wisely hid from us,
As, the reverse might be,
A base and everlasting curse
To all eternity.

Let this suffice, each may obtain,
Wisdom, so freely given;
By which the life eternal gain,
To be reveal'd in Heaven.

THE BARK AT SEA.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

My bark is built, and on the sea—
Subject to storm and calm;
Impetuous though oft it be
Threat'ning to do me harm.

Tho' boist'rous tossings to, and fro,
Mountainous waters roll;
Mid stormy winds still onward go,
And sail from pole to pole.

Attend your watch, while steering fair.
Each mind is looking out;
To guard the bark, no trouble spare.
But never raise the flout.

Maintain sobriety so firm,
That mind be clear as day;
Ne'er cross the Equator in a storm,
Or trust to what they say.

Motives are oft the fountain, whence
Those rigid passions rise;
Which flow in mighty torrents hence,
And swell, and reach the skies.

While such in contemplation are,
Let reason take her seat;
And then with firm decision bear
The vile, beneath your feet.

Deeds, oft are done for want of thought,
Or by a cross direction;
When these appear, the actor's caught,
Without a good protection.

'The passions of the mind are gales,
By which mankind must steer
Life's passage through, with hoisted sails
Well fill'd with love sincere.

The ocean now, on which we ride
With billows tossing high ;
Warns us to watch, both wind and tide,
That we may both defy.

One passion, mark ! o'ercomes its mate,
As captain at the helm ;
Well steering by the compass wait,
Then, nought can you o'erwhelm.

A passage through you're sure to gain,
The harbour is in view !
And when you've cross'd th'impetuous main
Your wages then are due.

The ocean of eternal bliss,
Is at our journey's end ;
And as we steer our course on this,
The other we shall spend.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Friends and Brethren go with me,
The new Jerusalem to see ;
A city ! that's not made with hands,
Firm, on the rock of ages stands.

CHORUS,

Come my friends, and go with me,
The new Jerusalem to see.

Clear as crystal to behold !
Indented thus, with gems and gold ;
Or amethyst and precious stone,
Now am I for this city born.

Chorus, &c.

Nor is this, the whole that we
Shall in the heavenly kingdom see ;
There, behold the Lamb of God,
Whose garments Bozrah dipp'd in blood !

Chorus, &c.

Through which, to yon Jerusalem,
We all must pass and go to him ;

There ! lasting blessings to enjoy,
Which nothing ever can destroy.

Chorus, &c.

Felicity, ecstatic love !
In that Jerusalem above ;
Where all in harmony shall join,
And sing an everlasting tune.

Chorus, &c.

With angels, and archangels blend,
Our praises then when time shall end,
Sweet incense rise for evermore,
When we arrive on Canaan's shore,

Chorus, &c.

This bright Jerusalem is sure,
To saints, who to the end endure ;
Tho' crosses we must have below,
Sweet blessings ! there for ever grow

Chorus, &c.

LOSS AND GAIN.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BEN AND SAM.

- B. Well Sam, you don't know what, I do
Intend for to explain,
But if you like, I'll try to shew,
What may prove loss, or gain.
- S. That's right Ben, as you seem to be
Acquainted with what I
Have often thought, I'd like to see,
Or feel, or beg, or buy.
- B. Pray Sam, now can you tell me where,
Your comforts here shall end?
And if you have them, are they rare,
Or if with grief they blend?
- S. Why Ben, so strangely you enquire,
I scarce know what to say,
And yet your plainness I admire,
In this improving day.
- B. That's right Sam, let us live and learn!
As we may each improve;
While here, there is no need to mourn!
But always live in love.

S. In love Ben ! why, some folks will say.
 There are who die in love !
 Before they reach meridian day,
 From her embrace remove.

B. This may be true Sam, but you ken
 The reason of the same,
 You know that women, oft with men,
 Have wish to change their name:

And if to disappoint their gain,
 Or will, must now submit,
 Then love is turn'd to grief and pain,
 When things you cannot fit.

S. Why Ben, you handle things so queer,
 You make me stare ! and wink ;
 Folks happen may buy ought too dear,
 Who won't take time to think.

B. Well Sam. I love to hear you talk,
 Come take a chair, and sit ;
 You're not like one of common folk,
 You've got some ready wit.

S. I'll take a chair Ben, as you seem
 So anxious of discourse ;
 Your converse much I do esteem,
 When from a lively source.

B. This you must take, Sam, as you find,
And make the best thereof;
Did ever you feel pain of mind.
Or ought reverse of love?

S. Well, as you talk Ben, I discern
What you intend for me;
You wish me never more to mourn,
But always happy be.

B. True, Sam, you'll find that love and grief,
Are both allied to man;
And if in pain we want relief,
Let's have it if we can.

S. Now, Ben, I like to hear you speak,
So sensible as this;
For here, I'm sure I often seek,
A portion of true bliss.

B. Then Sam, you'd never wish to part,
With what you do obtain!
If you have Christian love at heart,
'Twill do away with pain.

S. That's grand Ben!, now there's joy to hear,
Your conversation kind,
It tends to conquer doubt and fear,
With interest to the mind.

B. Well, Sam, but I must tell you plain,
The only thing that should
Within the breast of man remain,
And what's the only good.

S. Where shall I seek that I may find
The thing I so much need ;
To cast my doubts and fears behind,
And on true riches feed.

B. Believe in Christ, for in him all,
We need for life or death,
Remains, to those who on him call,
Who gave us life or breath.

S. Well, Ben, I think this hour well spent,
I'll strive my ways to mend ;
And of my former deeds repent,
Before my time shall end.

And that's not all, Ben, now I feel,
A solid peace within ;
For he who did my sorrow heal
Hath pardon'd all my sin.

B. This I've enjoyed for twenty years,
A peace, that can't be told !
'Tis what dispels my doubts and fears,
To me, worth more than gold !

For when the world shall be in flames,
And all therein destroy'd ;
Mansions above, the Christian claims—
With Christ to be employ'd.

S. Yes, Ben, I feel a portion now
Of bliss, which shall remain ;
Tho death may lay my body low,
Still I shall love retain.

B. Then Sam, what you had gain'd, is loss !
And what you've lost, is gain !
Obtaining better for the worse,
You've quitted all your pain.

THE OLD LADY'S OWN WAY.

I knew an old woman, who twitter'd and twin'd.
Her troubles increas'd so, she half lost her mind ;
In this state she hadn't much strength to o'ercome.
The casual troubles within her, and at home.
Her pankin was crack'd, and she'd nought to put in't.
Her pocket was low, and she'd nought in the mint.
▪ Yet her strength was quite flush, her health now was
good,
She'd qualifications to work for her food ;

But to twitter and twine, was all her delight,
She would never cease this, from morning to night.
Now give her due wages, for all she has done,
She'd find the thing ended, just where it begun ;
Discontentment is such, who drink of her gall.
In life have no pleasure, or Comfort at all,
Whose days are now spent, in doubt and despair ;
Have slender enjoyment, as small as a hair.
Permit me, Old Lady, a word now to give,
Whereby you may handsomely Comfort receive ;
Mark ! this is the man, who writes as a friend,
To cause all your twitter, and twining to end.
He'll advise you to speak, but think before that,
Adhere to sound reason, avoid the chit chat ;
By which you maintain, equilibrium firm,
Have always a calm, but never a storm.
Domestics are bonny, and you are the same,
Your movements are canny, and nothing you blame !
In company now, you may lift up your head,
You have time to work then, and eat your own bread.
Yea, partaking of which, you offer up thanks,
In oblivion bury, your former old pranks ;
With grace in your heart, manifest in your life,
This will comfort a man, to live with his wife.
Your progeny then, a portion will take
Of harmony sweet, their welfare to make ;
Mankind thus improving, their time well to spend,
By precept and practice move on to the end.

Such seed as we sow, the like will spring up,
Tho' trimming, may ornament any old cap ;
My subject is ended, pray learn to do well,
Then anon with sweet pleasure your bosom may swell.

INDECISION OF CHARACTER.

Mankind are all on the alert,
Searching for something pleasant,
From lower to a higher court,
Than what they'r in at present.

Thus fickle in the mind, anon,
Will try, both this and that,
Till out of breath, no business done,
Searching they know not what.

At length they meet an object which
Are anxious to obtain,
When tested! proves a broken stitch,
That cannot hold the main.

Then setting out, to try afresh,
What strength of mind can do ;
Tho' this may be a shallow dish,
Of vague, and meagre show.

As mind, with resolution short,
Decision ever wanting ;
Is but a mark for others sport,
While after bubbles panting.

The object worthy search they miss,
I'll shew to you the reason ;
Invariably you'll find 'tis this,
A striking out of season.

Such miss their mark, or strike across,
Just when the irons hot ;
An inadvertance makes it worse,
By ling'ring on the spot.

Think well, e'er you resolved are,
And then connecting point ;
Will work two ways, superior far,
To things so out of joint.

But some have got no confidence,
In own self, not a bit :
They'd trust a neighbour's better sense,
Who'd happen make it fit.

Thus, asking his opinion of
The thing he has in hand ;
D'ye think my friend, that this will move
Or of itself now stand.

His neighbour tells him that the thing
Will neither stand nor lay ;
From which you'll find no good-will spring
You'd better march away.

Well, now, said he, that's quite enough,
I will no longer wait ;
Nor can I bear this answer rough.
In good-will, or in hate.

Am I the master of a mind,
Not to decide at all !
I feel at present thus inclin'd,
Either to stand or fall.

And for myself, act as a man,
By which I'm self-sufficient ;
To think, and speak, and make a plan,
Subservient to the Omnicient !

That by inspective scrutiny,
May bear the test of all ;
Tho' worlds be in a mutiny !
'Twill stand, when they shall fall.

What 'eer thy hand may find to do,
Then do it with thy might ;
'That life, and character may shew
Whatever is, his right.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

The way of the world is certain and right.

Concluding its wrongs are but few ;

And at the same time would strive with their might

T'obtain what they afterwards rue.

In the marginal note, may see their way clear

And droop in the midst of the same ;

Or at the extreme, in the end of the year,

Bear witness, themselves are to blame.

In bustle and throng, having been all the while.

To find out the Comfort of life ;

Contending for this, that it lays in the smile

Of those, like the edge of a knife.

Deceitfully working, their end for to gain—

A bait, they will fix at the point ;

Which when it is taken, will fill you with pain,

And throw, the whole man out of joint.

A frown then, in preference let me enjoy,

From one, that now wishes me well ;

The effect of the same will never destroy,

The sound of the comforting bell.

While charming so sweetly all cannot but hear,
And long to delight in the same ;
So free in the world having nought in the rear,
Possess, what is better than name.

With a smile or a frown, he'd maintain his hold
Quite heedless of bustle and strife ;
A something he has, of more valne than gold,
To serve, all the wants of his life.

By Comfort within, shew a portion without,
Let each the same spirit possess ;
What gladdens the heart, is the end of all doubt,
And conqueror too, of distress.

So then, when the world, conclusion shall have,
Its smiles and its frowns are all gone !
In oblivion sunk, so deep in the grave, ;
Where principal cannot be won.

The interest begins where the principal lays
A portion for every day ;
Is due to the same, and with pleasure she pays
It without one moment's delay.

Then adhere very close, and stick to the truth,
Which never was given to lie ;
The sum and the int'rest, you have them forsooth,
Neither one or the other can die.

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